

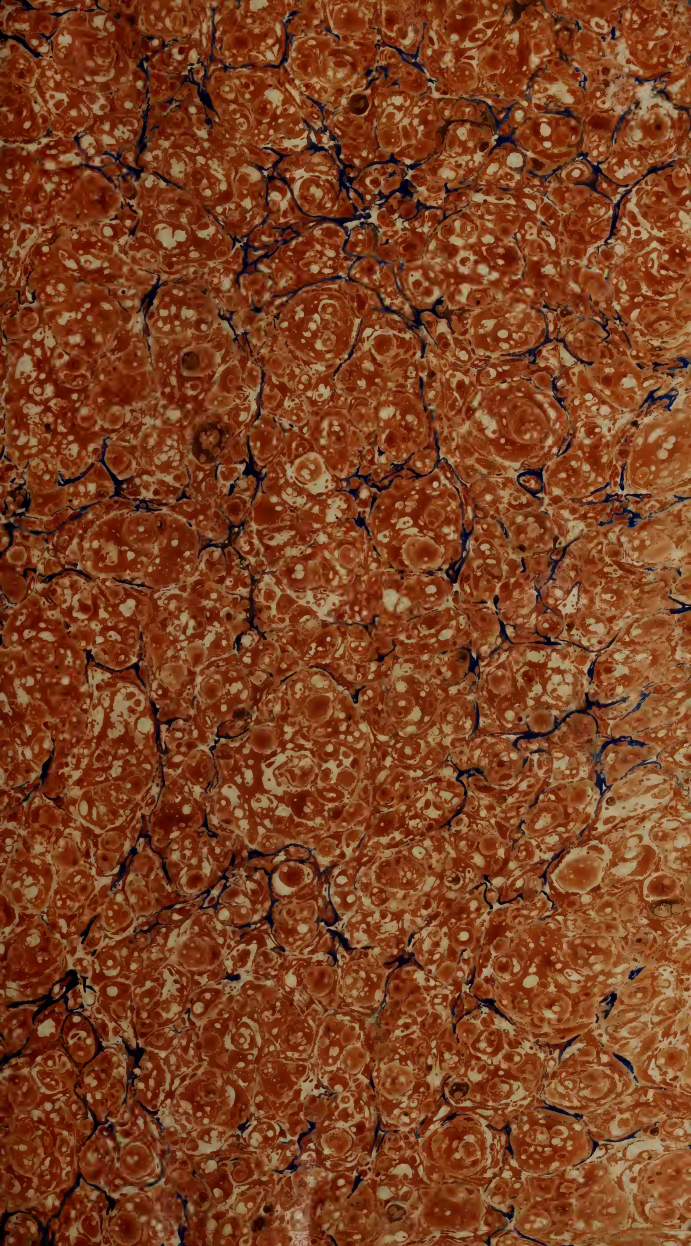


PRIZE

RB 191, 197

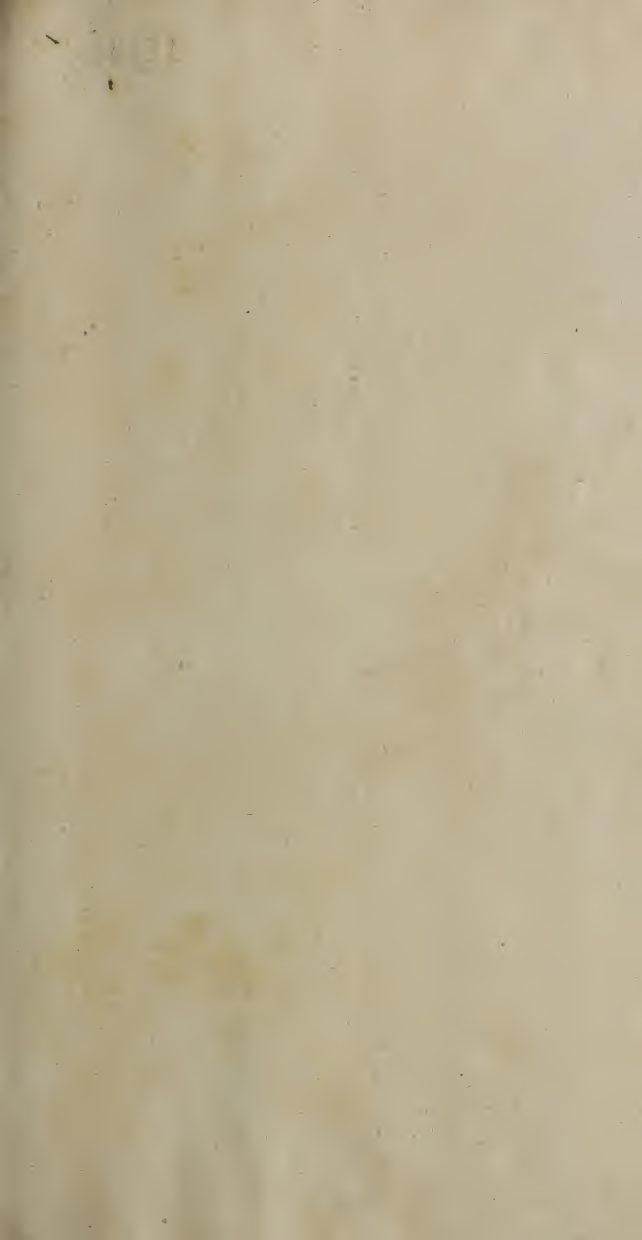


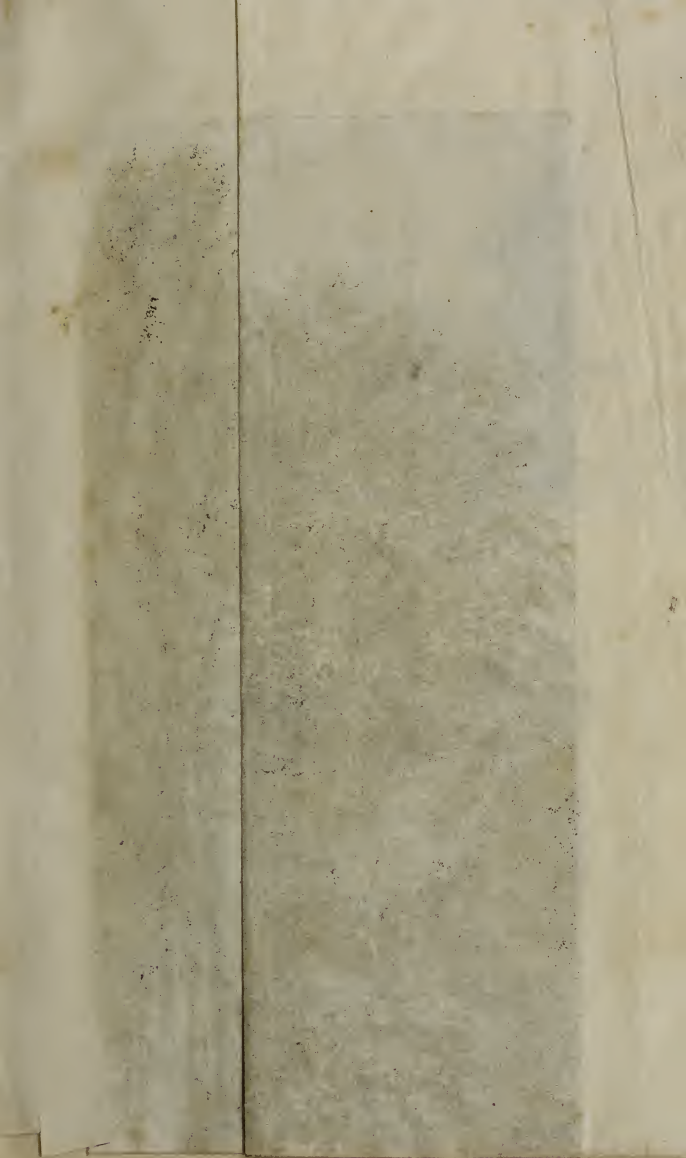
Library
of the
University of Toronto



D83/40
0

(Mansden, J)







*How oft beneath the fragrant cedar stood,
And preach'd to listening blacks the' atoning blood.*

viz. Amusements of Missions. P. 84.

AMUSEMENTS
OF
A MISSION;
OR
POEMS,

MORAL, RELIGIOUS, AND DESCRIPTIVE.

Interspersed with Anecdotes.

WRITTEN DURING A RESIDENCE ABROAD.

By J. M.

LATE A MISSIONARY.

Second Edition, with Plates.

. In a Roman mouth, the graceful name
Of prophet and of poet was the same :
Hence British poets too the priesthood shar'd,
And every hallowed druid was a bard.—Cowper.

London :

Published and sold by Blanchard, 14, City Road ; Baynes, Paternoster Row ;
Kent, 116, High Holborn ; Burton and Briggs, 156, Leadenhall-street ;
Williams and Son, Stationers' Court ; Edwards, Crane Court,
Fleet-street ; Button and Son, Paternoster Row ; Booth,
Duke-street, Manchester Square ; Bruce, City Road ;
Thos. Kaye, 42, Castle-street, Liverpool ; Ro-
berts, Manchester ; and Wilcockson,
Blackburn.

1818.

J. Wilcockson, Printer,
Blackburn.

To Mrs. Mary M——

The first impression of this little work was printed in America, and inscribed to my late venerable friend, Dr. Coke. But to you, my very dear Mary, I dedicate this second edition. Many of the trifles it contains, were written for your amusement as well as my own. You are well acquainted with the incidents which gave them birth. That they afforded you entertainment, was often a sufficient reward to the writer. You shared largely both in the toils and the pleasures of that state of things in which they were chiefly composed. For although your constitution was delicate, you did not refuse to expose it to many and unavoidable hardships, both by land and sea. To your kindness I am indebted for many comforts; and to your counsel for much judicious advice: and I can assure you, my dear Mary, that I feel truly grateful for all the tenderness you have felt, for all the attention you have manifested, and also for all the privations to which you have cheerfully submitted, on my account. To most females genteelly educated, the life of a Missionary would present obstacles sufficiently appalling to prevent their entering upon the career; but I have still to learn, that any of these difficulties ever damped your zeal for God, or your affection for your husband. In times of danger and trouble, your firmness of mind has often been superior to my own; hence soothed and encouraged by you, I have looked trials in the face that might otherwise have made me shrink. Your patience has afforded me an example, and your prayers have been a stay to my mind. When in affliction, I have derived relief from your sympathy; and when in trouble much encouragement from your cheerfulness. Your instructive conversation and company have rendered *home* the centre of my enjoyments, and have made my own fire-side the most sociable and desirable spot upon earth. When at any

time we have been separated, my heart has safely trusted in the piety and constancy of your mind ; and it has afforded me much pleasure to reflect, that our children were under a maternal care which left me little either to fear or wish, on their account : as the attention you pay to their education, is a proof how much you have imbibed the spirit of your duty. The providence of God has thus far blessed our union ; for although you are separated from your beloved relatives, and far distant from your native country, I have no doubt but the consolations of religion ; and the company of your husband and children, more than merely reconcile your mind to the lot appointed by Providence.

To you also, my dear children, I would leave this little memorial of my affection and esteem ; that when your father is no more, you may remember that he sincerely loved you ; and passing by the vain hope of recommending himself to others by these trifles, he sought only to please and gratify those who were the most dear to him. I have now only to hope, that the perusal of this little volume may afford others as much pleasure as you have derived from it. Should that be the case, I shall rejoice, that while amusing, and perhaps instructing them, I have never ceased to be, with the truest sentiments of respect and esteem,

Your's, most affectionately,

JOSHUA MARSDEN.

John-street, Blackburn,

Jan. 1818.

TO THE READER.

READER, if thee poetic fragments charm,
These may amuse, at least they cannot harm
A fellow pilgrim in this vale below,
Like thee, the legatee of many a woe ;
Life's thorny path with verses would beguile,
Or earth 'tis privilege indeed to smile.
Let wits who sneer, and critics who condemn,
As none were patentees of verse but them ;
Admit no bird but nightingales to sing,
Nor soar aloft unless on eagle's wing.
In spite of these, a lackey of the muse,
Tho' seldom delug'd with Castalian dews ;
And neither poet, critic, sage, nor seer,
Intreats a transient audience of thine ear :
Aloft with Milton on a wing sublime,
He cannot soar, but he can chirp in rhyme ;
Let nobler birds of higher flights be proud,
The temple's eves to swallow's are allow'd.
On barren soil tho' neither pink nor rose,
Nor mignonettes, their lovely sweets disclose,
Daisies may yet appear, and even these
'Midst wint'ry blasts and flowerless nature please.

These scraps of rhyme tho' trifles in thine eye,
Were oft the writer's recipes for joy ;
When wet and weary he has set his foot
'Midst the warm shelter of a log-built hut :
Or when slow wandering 'long the surfy shore
Of those fair isles his eyes shall see no more ;
While cloudless day in sapphire beauty drest,
Has roll'd in dazzling brightness down the West,
His muse in haste like a wayfaring swain,
Still passing on would one short visit deign,
A soothing thought impart a lucent ray,
Like blinks of sunshine on a winter's day ;
So gleams sweet hope across a troubl'd breast,
So smiles sweet health when pain has long oppress.
But why apologise for what is writ ?
No man's a fool because he's not a wit ;
If these are worth thy reading, read and smile,
Nor frown because they want the critic's file ;
I wish to charm, but if I cannot please,
I'll not with beggar boldness further tease.

Should verse of mine a leisure hour amuse
With smiles, the anxious face of care suffuse,
Repel the point of keen affliction's dart,
Or sooth the aching, or the anguish'd heart ;
O'er lurid woe a gleam of lustre fling,

Then raise devotion's feebly fluttering wing,
Awake those sky-born sympathies that move
The human heart to pity, joy, and love;
Those cords that touch'd when others' woes inspire,
Make sweeter music than a seraph's lyre,
It is enough; or, should it rouse the zeal,
Which only grace inspires and good men feel;
That zeal which o'er a world of sin and woe,
Bids the pure tears of soft compassion flow;
Transmits the light of life to dying souls,
Far as the breezes blow and ocean rolls:
Pours on the negro's heart the balm of peace,
And curbs or bids accursed slavery cease;
Unties the cords that cut him to the bone,
Then binds him by the cords of love alone;
Or makes his manacles a lighter thing
Then feathers flying on a Zephyr's wing;
Bids him from deepest night and bondage rise,
Tho' slave to man, the freeman of the skies;
His chains a *way-bill* the blood-drenched sod
Of tropic shores *the half-way house* to God;
My end is gain'd—I seek no other ends,
Whoe'er condemns me, or whoe'er commends;
Critics may sneer and graver scholars blame,
I cannot lose it, for I have no *name*;
Nor do I covet such as critics give,
If I can meekly smile, devoutly live,
Angels will guard my ashes and my fame.

Jan, 1818.

CONTENTS.



Dedication	Page 3
To the Reader	5
The Stolen Bible	9
Basset's Cave	11
The Dawn of the Millennium	12
The Arbor Tristis	14
Lex Talionis, or Acute Negro	16
The Water Spout	17
The best Beverage	18
Best Wine the Last	21
The Weary Negro	23
On the death of a Young Lady	25
To Die is Gain	27
The Negro Mary	29
Vincit Veritas	32
Black Hannah	35
Farewell to Nova Scotia	38
Epistle from Bermuda	40
The Homily	46
Humanity's Gem	48
The Mosquito	59
The Sale of Slaves	51
Pensive Missionary	53
Glory in Reversion	57
Materials for the Ministry	58
Epistle from Lake Ontario	59
The Converted Mulattoes	65
The Gloom of the Grave	67
Colonial Courtesy	69
Slavery, a Dialogue	72
Sleep, a Night Thought	76
Negroes in Heaven	78
Lines on the Death of Dr. Coke	79
The Woodland Apostle	87
Indians and Missionaries	90
Lines on Critical Hearers	95
Lawyer and Parson	95
African Hymns	97
The Buddhist Priest, a Tale	103
On the Death of a Lady	106
On the Death of the Rev. S. Bradburn	110
A Wild Flower	112
My Pastor	114
Invocation to Pity	116
The Infidel, a Fragment	119

CONTENTS

1	THE HISTORY OF THE
2	THE HISTORY OF THE
3	THE HISTORY OF THE
4	THE HISTORY OF THE
5	THE HISTORY OF THE
6	THE HISTORY OF THE
7	THE HISTORY OF THE
8	THE HISTORY OF THE
9	THE HISTORY OF THE
10	THE HISTORY OF THE
11	THE HISTORY OF THE
12	THE HISTORY OF THE
13	THE HISTORY OF THE
14	THE HISTORY OF THE
15	THE HISTORY OF THE
16	THE HISTORY OF THE
17	THE HISTORY OF THE
18	THE HISTORY OF THE
19	THE HISTORY OF THE
20	THE HISTORY OF THE
21	THE HISTORY OF THE
22	THE HISTORY OF THE
23	THE HISTORY OF THE
24	THE HISTORY OF THE
25	THE HISTORY OF THE
26	THE HISTORY OF THE
27	THE HISTORY OF THE
28	THE HISTORY OF THE
29	THE HISTORY OF THE
30	THE HISTORY OF THE
31	THE HISTORY OF THE
32	THE HISTORY OF THE
33	THE HISTORY OF THE
34	THE HISTORY OF THE
35	THE HISTORY OF THE
36	THE HISTORY OF THE
37	THE HISTORY OF THE
38	THE HISTORY OF THE
39	THE HISTORY OF THE
40	THE HISTORY OF THE
41	THE HISTORY OF THE
42	THE HISTORY OF THE
43	THE HISTORY OF THE
44	THE HISTORY OF THE
45	THE HISTORY OF THE
46	THE HISTORY OF THE
47	THE HISTORY OF THE
48	THE HISTORY OF THE
49	THE HISTORY OF THE
50	THE HISTORY OF THE
51	THE HISTORY OF THE
52	THE HISTORY OF THE
53	THE HISTORY OF THE
54	THE HISTORY OF THE
55	THE HISTORY OF THE
56	THE HISTORY OF THE
57	THE HISTORY OF THE
58	THE HISTORY OF THE
59	THE HISTORY OF THE
60	THE HISTORY OF THE
61	THE HISTORY OF THE
62	THE HISTORY OF THE
63	THE HISTORY OF THE
64	THE HISTORY OF THE
65	THE HISTORY OF THE
66	THE HISTORY OF THE
67	THE HISTORY OF THE
68	THE HISTORY OF THE
69	THE HISTORY OF THE
70	THE HISTORY OF THE
71	THE HISTORY OF THE
72	THE HISTORY OF THE
73	THE HISTORY OF THE
74	THE HISTORY OF THE
75	THE HISTORY OF THE
76	THE HISTORY OF THE
77	THE HISTORY OF THE
78	THE HISTORY OF THE
79	THE HISTORY OF THE
80	THE HISTORY OF THE
81	THE HISTORY OF THE
82	THE HISTORY OF THE
83	THE HISTORY OF THE
84	THE HISTORY OF THE
85	THE HISTORY OF THE
86	THE HISTORY OF THE
87	THE HISTORY OF THE
88	THE HISTORY OF THE
89	THE HISTORY OF THE
90	THE HISTORY OF THE
91	THE HISTORY OF THE
92	THE HISTORY OF THE
93	THE HISTORY OF THE
94	THE HISTORY OF THE
95	THE HISTORY OF THE
96	THE HISTORY OF THE
97	THE HISTORY OF THE
98	THE HISTORY OF THE
99	THE HISTORY OF THE
100	THE HISTORY OF THE

AMUSEMENTS

OF A

Mission.

THE SPIRITUAL THEFT.

Written upon having my Pocket Bible stolen by a black man,
in the Somers Islands.

"Jove fix'd it certain, that whatever day
"Man makes a slave, takes half his worth away." Odyss. 17. v. 392.

AN African void of uprightness within,
Who like many others, thought stealing no sin ;
Intent on converting whatever he saw
To private account, without licence, or law ;
Saw my neat pocket Bible, laid by on a shelf,
And stole it to barter for liquor or pelf.
It was my instructor ; I lov'd it more dear
Than misers their lucre, or tipplers their beer ;
Its pure revelations a rapture imprest
Than rubies, or diamonds, more dear to my breast.
If riches delight, 'twas a fathomless mine,
Each sentence is worthy in diamonds to shine :
If science, the truth-written pages unfold
A wisdom more precious than titles or gold.
If happiness charms you, that jewel serene,
The Bible's a cure for depression and spleen :
It gives a bright prospect, of glory unknown,
'To the cottager poor, or the king on his throne.
Yea, a crown in the eye, and a peace in the heart,
Its promises give, and its prospects impart.
In sickness support, in pale sorrow relief,
'Tis the sweetner of care, and the soother of grief.

If poor 'tis your solace, if rich 'tis your pride,
 When dying your comfort, while living your guide.
 How oft with a smile of delight I would say,
 Take health, fortune, friends, and my credit away,
 But leave my sweet Bible, my treasure it is,
 My royal diploma, and charter to bliss.
 If cast by misfortune on some distant isle,
 Where seasons ne'er bloom, and the skies never smile;
 Beneath the cold pole in a region of snow,
 Or on Fuego's Cape, where the south tempests blow :
 With only one volume my mind to solace,
 I'd choose the pure records of covenant grace.

Ah ! why would the varlet my Bible purloin !
 The book he hath taken—the truth is still mine :
 I hope the pure word is for ever imprest
 On the truth-written tablets conceal'd in my breast.
 Perhaps 'twas the gilding that dazzled his eye ;
 Thus millions are smit with the glare of a toy :
 They grasp at a pebble, and think it a gem,
 And tinsel is gold, if it glitter to them.
 Hence dazzled with beauty the lover is smit,
 The hero with honour, the poet with wit,
 The sop with his feather, ring, snuff-box, and cane,
 The nymph with her novels, the merchant with gain.

The thing was remarkably odd, I confess :
 Had he taken my purse, 'twould have puzzled me less.
 Men rifle the young, and purloin from the old,
 Rob maidens of virtue, and misers of gold ;
 Proud bigots abridge you of 'conscience's right,
 And tyrants deprive you of liberty bright :
 But a Bible to steal is uncommonly odd ;
 Was there ever a thief who delighted in God ?
 Here let us imagine the rogue had a plea.
 " My betters are verily guilty as me !
 " The trade's become common, as all the world knows,
 " From prelates so grave to your smart college beaux ;
 " Each man has his price, so the infidels swear !
 " And pulpits sell truth like the forum and bar.
 " The Bible I sold, and the price I was paid ;
 " But myriads practice the truth-selling trade.
 " The velvet-strain'd doctor, who softens his text,
 " This world his delight, tho' a guide to the next ;
 " Sells truth with a witness, to make it connive,
 " At every new folly, the wealthy contrive.
 " Each finical priest, and polite pulpiteer,
 " Who dazzles your fancy and tickles the ear,
 " With exquisite tropes, and a musical style,
 " As gay as a tulip, and smoother than oil,
 " Sells truth at the shrine of fine eloquence too,
 " To please the soft taste, and allure the gay few.

"Nor is he less guilty, who seasons with wit
 "Keen satire or humour the Lord's holy writ;
 "Does e'er Saul of Tarsus direct to a text,
 "That makes us cry this breath and titter the next?"
 Perhaps the poor black had some latent intent,
 And thought by his conduct to give it a vent.
 He might reason correctly to favour his plan,
 'Twas no greater a crime than to pilfer a man!
 The argument's just, and I feel its sharp edge;
 It cuts with a razor, and cleaves like a wedge;
 Strikes home on my reason, I blush in a minute,
 And feel all the truth and the vigour that's in it:
 The stealing of Bibles is theft on a new plan,
But stealing of men is abhorr'd and inhuman!



BASSET'S CAVE.

A TALE OF WOE.

The following little poem contains the mournful history of a circumstance which took place during my residence in the Somers Islands. The Captain of a vessel, a young man who had been married, was left a widower with one little daughter. After some time he paid his addresses to a young lady, who at least in appearance received them with satisfaction. He had however to make a voyage to sea; and during his absence, the inconstant young woman accepted the attentions of another man.—The Captain returned from sea; and the parents of the young lady having consented to the union, he wished to be married. The intended bride wrote to her new sweetheart, begging withal, that he would come and save her from an event the most dreadful to her feelings. This letter the young man sent to her intended bridegroom, hoping it would prevent his proceeding; but instead of this, he received a challenge from her almost distracted lover. They met—they fired—but neither fell; the seconds interposed, and persuaded them (as neither would agree that the other should possess the young woman) mutually to bind themselves with an oath to break off all further connections with her. This renunciation took place before a magistrate; but before long, her first lover repented of what he had done, and told a friend he could not live without her. He grew melancholy; and one night went to his medicine chest, and taking a bottle of laudanum, hurried to a dismal cavern near the sea shore, called Basset's Cave; here seating himself amid the petrified spars, he drank the fatal opiate, which put an end to his miserable life.

HE had crossed the waves with a heart so gay,
 But his sweetheart was cold and shy;
 She had given her love and her vows away,
 And she could not break the tie.

A thousand sad thoughts distraction bred,
 And woke up his love and pride;
 But still he started with honour and dread,
 From the crime of suicide.

No help, no hope, from his God he found,
 For he would not kneel to prayer;
 And the raging smart of his heart's sad wound
 Still hurried him to despair.

So he went to a cave near the salt sea bank,
 In a desperate frenzy of thought—
 Where amid the dark gloom of the cavern so dank,
 He swallow'd the nauseous draught.

He thought of his friend—he thought of his child,
 And his heart was pierced sore ;
 He thought of his love, and his thoughts grew wild,
 That he never should see her more.

The waves roll on with a hollow sound,
 The cavern was dark and grim,
 And a death-like horror reign'd around,
 But horror was nought to him.

For now a stupor began to spread
 Through every weary limb,
 His heart was sick, and dizzy his head,
 And his eyes grew fearfully dim.

He laid himself down on the cold rough stone,
 Where the dripping waters ran ;
 And many a hollow and dismal groan,
 Still groan'd the dying man.

Now visions of horror affright his soul,
 The sleep of death came fast ;
 Till with a loud shriek and a dismal howl,
 The suicide breath'd his last.

The spirits of darkness grinn'd around,
 With horrid malicious delight ;
 And dismal groans were heard to sound,
 Thro' all the fearful night.

—•••••Q•••••—

THE DAWN OF MILLINNIAL GLORY ;

Or, Spread of the Gospel.

—

“ God gives the word, the preachers throng around :
 “ Live from his lips, and spread the glorious sound ;
 “ And plant successfully sweet Sharon's rose
 “ On icy plains, and in eternal snows.”—Cowper.

—

BRIGHTER glows the happy day,
 Wider spreads the joyful sound,
 Softly steals the moral ray
 O'er the darken'd nations round.

High the bleeding cross shall rise,
Fair the tree of life shall grow ;
Blooming with diviner joys
Than angelic bosoms know.

Truth almighty in her sway,
Shall degraded nature bless ;
Chase the mists of night away ;
Fill the world with righteousness.

Africa, so long forlorn,
" Stretches out to God her hand ;"
Sees the mild millinnial morn
O'er her pensive wilds expand.

Now the wilderness shall bloom ;
Truth, and peace, and love abound ;
Lybian deserts all assume
Loveliest marks of holy ground.

O'er Ceylona's groves of spice,
Lustre from the cross shall gleam ;
Sweetest plants of paradise,
Spring to life beneath the beam.

All the islands of the deep,
In the mild or burning zone,
Shall behold the Lamb and weep,
Bending at a Saviour's throne.

News of Jesus' love invades
Mighty lakes and forests drear,
Flies thro' all yon world of shades,
Strikes the auburn Indian's ear.

Brammah's millions shall rejoice
All the Asiatic race,
Bless the Lamb with choral voice,
Hail the dawn of gospel grace.

Juggernaut shall surely fall,
The dim crescent disappear ;
India, to the Tartar wall,
God's redeeming goodness hear.

Idol, altar, fane, and rite ;
Shaster, sungskrit, Koran, priest,
Vanish as the spreading light
Covers all the darkened East.

China thro' her vast extent,
Shall the bleeding cross adore ;
Millions of her sons relent,
Worship idol Fo no more.

Wider still the word shall roll,
 Where the Tartar hordes reside ;
 Vast Siberia to the pole,
 Celébrate the crucified.

Turkey land shall Jesus greet,
 Own the gospel's genial sway ;
 Caffres worship at his feet,
 Arab tribes the Lamb obey.

From the icy arctic shores,
 To the Patagonian isle,
 Where the Southern Ocean roars,
 Truth shall spread o'er sea and soil.

Till the lion is a dove,
 He a saint who savage was ;
 Till the reign of heaven's love,
 Brings the golden age to pass.



THE ARBOR TRISTIS,

*Or sad Tree of Molucca, that blossoms only in the
 Night :*

AN EMBLEM OF MY EXPERIENCE.

“ Prosperity always invites us into his presence ; but adversity leaves us no choice, in the means which God employs, to force us to take refuge in himself alone.”—St. Pierre.

“ Affliction is the good man's shining scene ;

“ Prosperity conceals his brightest ray ;

“ As night to stars, woe lustre gives to man.”—Young.

SWEET plant ! I behold in thy bloom
 An elegant type of my soul ;
 Thy blossoms withhold their perfume,
 Till night has envelop'd the pole.
 When the night of adversity lowers,
 I blossom the best in the shade,
 And put forth the loveliest flowers
 When sorrows my spirit invade.

If riches allure with their smiles ;
 If honour its glitter impart,
 And friendship enchantingly smiles,
 Then gladness enlivens my heart.

I say, "it is good to be here,"
Where roses delightfully bloom ;
Where music entrances the ear,
And zephyrs breathe only perfume.

My bosom entranc'd with delight,
Grows foolish and fond of a flower ;
In vain my devotions invite,
I lose both the sweetness and power.
Each lovely attraction is broke,
That drew me to Jesus's side ;
I cast off his beautiful yoke,
And down nature's current I glide.

Till the shades of affliction descend,
And all my gay vistas decay,
Fond hopes and soft blandishments end,
And glide as a vision away ;
Then up to the Saviour I look,
With humble contrition resign,
And mark in his truth-written book
Each sweetly encouraging line.

I fly to my refuge and rock,
Redouble my ardour in prayer ;
And awoke by the merciful shock,
See my hair-breadth escape from the snare.
Soon the storm that roll'd over my head,
All scatter'd and vanish'd I view ;
And the thorns which around me were spread,
Are cover'd with roses anew.

'Tis heaven, 'tis glory below,
To suffer and bend to the stroke ;
Sweet peace like a river shall flow,
As the will is brought under the yoke.
Soft Patience smiles sweetly in tears,
" And Beauty for ashes we have,"
Submission most lovely appears,
That pearl in a turbulent wave.

All lovely Humility blooms,
A violet hid in the vale ;
Bright Hope the dark prospect illumines,
Serenely outriding the gale.
The tears which envelope the eye,
Exhibit a covenant bow ;
And the seed is collected with joy,
" Which in weeping and sorrow we sow."



LEX TALIONIS ;

Or, The Sagacious Negro.

A NEGRO suspected by many a white,
 Who was idle by day and dishonest by night,
 Was at length apprehended, to answer at large
 To a worshipful squire, a felonious charge.
 The squire with stern words and a lowering face,
 That promis'd poor Muugo no mercy or grace ;
 As quick as the woolley-hair'd culprit he spied,
 Exclaim'd, " Now I've got you, I'll tan your black hide."
 But Cæsar, whose wheel contain'd many a spoke,
 Was not to be frighten'd with pop-guns or smoke ;
 Addressing the squire with indifferent air,
 Roll'd up his white eyes, and avow'd the affair.
 " Massa Justice, dem tings me got fairly from Tom :
 " Me tink too, Tom teal dem from massa at home.
 " But why, Massa Justice, dis so much ado,
 " Dis but a penknife, and dat oder a screw.
 " Me pay Tom most honestly for dem and willing,
 " Dis cost a bit,* massa, and todde a shilling."

" So Cæsar you knew they were stolen, you said,
 " And alledge that you bought them and honestly paid ;
 " But sirrah, I'll teach you (come, jumper,† be brief)
 " That every receiver's as bad as the thief.
 " Here whip this black rascal till he understand,
 " Who buys stolen goods breaks the law of the land."

" Very well, Massa Justice, if dat be de case,
 " And de black negur rascal be whipt in disgrace,
 " For tolen goods buying, me hope de white knave,
 " When he be catch'd, too a good whipping will have."
 " To be sure," says his worship, " he'll certainly swing."
 " Den," says Cæsar, " Tom massa do very same ting.
 " Hold him fast, massa jumper, he great tief as tudder,
 " He knew Tom be tolen from fader and mudder ;
 " Poor Tom he be tolen from mudder and fader ;
 " De knife and de screw Massa Justice have neder.
 " If Cæsar be whipt, and Tom massa go free,
 " Dere be law for de white man and flogging for me."

* A small silver coin current in the West Indies.

† In the Somers Islands the jumper is a kind of parish constable, employed to flog the blacks whenever they do wrong ; for as many people are too tender-hearted to do this kind office themselves, a hireling flogger becomes imperiously necessary, for whom they can at all times send, and spare their own fine feelings, by paying for every good drubbing they bestow upon their slaves. Hence in those islands it is a common bugbear held up, in terroram, to their slaves, " If you do not behave better, I'll send for the jumper to you."

The justice was struck with the force of bright truth ;
 Tom's master discharged the action forsooth ;
 And Cæsar set free hast'ned home to his cronies,
 To tell how he conquer'd by *Lex talionis*.



THE WATER SPOUT.

Written on seeing that sublime phenomenon of nature.

“ Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy water spouts.”—Psalms 42. 7.

WHERE the black wing'd whirlwinds sweep,
 Where the tempest foams along,
 On the bosom of the deep,
 Mariner begins my song.

Many enemies thou hast,
 On the blue expansive wave ;
 Every billow, rock, and blast,
 Open inlets to the grave.

Mariner profane, forbear :
 Should the awful tempest rise,
 Can the lips that madly swear
 Supplicate the injur'd skies ?

But a single plank divides
 Thee and thine eternal fate ;
 Death upon the tempest rides,
 Think upon a future state !

See yon black'ning cloud decline ;
 See ascend yon foaming pile ;
 Of a squall the fatal sign ;
 How the waves begin to boil.

Now the spiral waters rise,
 Ripling round the vortex wide ;
 Shun the ruin of the skies ;
 Mariner to windward glide.

See the gloomy column move,
 With the roaring cateract's sound ;
 Black and grand the skies above,
 Ocean trembles all around.

Terribly sublime it scours
 'Long the agitated air;
 In the van Destruction lours,
 Horror follows in the rear.

Take in, take in every sail,
 See the white-wing'd squall is nigh;
 Foam and thunder, storm and hail,
 Blend in uproar sea and sky!

Loud and wild yon breakers roar,
 Mind the helm, the reef is shoal;
 Keep her off the fatal shore,
 Or we perish every soul!

Useless now are paltry beads,
 Ave Marias will not save;
 Superstition's gloomy creeds
 Cannot snatch thee from the wave.

To the God of ocean cry,
 He will hear the seaman's prayer;
 To his throne of mercy fly,
 Thousands find deliverance there.

He can curb the foaming sea;
 He can bid the tempest rest;
 All the elements obey
 Great Jehovah's high behest.

Now let hymns of praise arise,
 See the opening heaven near;
 Let the ocean, earth, and skies,
 Ocean's God in hymns revere.

—→O←—

THE BEST BEVERAGE.

LINES ON WATER DRINKING.

—
 "O madness, to think use of strongest wines
 "And strongest drinks our chief support of health,
 "When God with these forbidden made choice to rear
 "His mighty champion, strong above compare,
 "Whose drink was only from the liquid brook."—Samson Agonistis.

"And she saw a well of water, and she went and filled the bottle with water,
 and gave the lad to drink."—Gen. 21. 19.

—
WATER hurtful, can it be?
 Water never injur'd me:

I with pure delight have quaff'd
 Many a crystal cooling draught ;
 Both from fountain, rill, and tank,
 And the gliding river's bank ;
 Deeming it delicious cheer ;
 Far surpassing wine or beer.
 But in this atlantic isle,
 Where the softest seasons smile,
 I am often told, alas !*
 There is poison in the glass ;
 Poison 'tis by all reputed,
 Till with India rum diluted.

Hasten, lovely muse, and bring
 Water from the limpid spring ;
 Where the wine of nature pours,
 Purest, sweetest, richest stores.
 Eve and Adam drank of this,
 In fair Eden's bowers of bliss.
 This the hermit loves at least ;
 'This improves the shepherd's feast ;
 Cheers in deserts hot and drear,
 Many a parched traveller.
 Water's reason's beverage,
 Noblest pledge of health and age ;
 Wholesomer than richest wines,
 From the purple clustr'd vines.
 Not the produce of the cane,
 Nantes' brandy, wine from Spain ;
 Nor Geneva's liquid dare
 With thy simple streams compare.
 Who to thee, alas ! prefer
 Ardent spirits, madly err ;
 Tho' the liquors sparkle fine,
 And the purple bumpers shine,
 Death lies hid the cup within,
 Evil demons, plague, and sin.
 Hence the birth of many an ill,
 Liquor-loving mortal's kill :
 Poverty and foul disgrace,
 Trembling hands and bloated face ;
 Fatal fevers, scarlet eyes,
 Dropsy of enormous size ;
 Palpitations, pimpled nose,
 Fearful dreams, and gouty toes.

* The author was often told, upon his first arrival in the Somers Islands, ' Water will hurt you ; do not drink it.' He had, however, in a little time reason to suspect this was a mere scarecrow, or only an apology for the frequency of drinking spirits and water, to which many are addicted ; it being the custom of those islands to have two decanters standing upon the sideboard, out of which most visitors are requested to refresh themselves upon their first entering the room, and several times during their stay.

Nor is less destruction wrought
 'Mong the finer springs of thought ;
 Memory, thro' all its cells,
 Mourns the stupifying spells ;
 This fair daughter of the muses,
 Yesterday's ideas looses.
 Every tender moral sense is
 Stript of all its bars and fences ;
 Noblest motives quickly die,
 Brightest aims neglected lie :
 Scarce can cripp'l'd fancy class
 One bright image in her glass ;
 All in ruins lies the soul,
 Shatter'd by the fatal bowl.

Piety delights to bring
 Water from the limpid spring ;
 Nature's noblest beverage,
 Spring of health and pledge of age ;
 Sweet to temperance at least,
 Welcome to the christian feast.
 But immoral draughts inspire
 Giddy thoughts and loose desire ;
 Wanton songs, and jests obscene,
 Frantic mirth and fatal spleen ;
 Reason hides her blushing face,
 Modesty deserts the place ;
 Piety, with loathing soul,
 Execrates the impious bowl ;
 Rosy self-denial sings
 Of peaceful thoughts and purest springs ;
 Flies the brutal crew to dwell,
 By her streams and limpid well ;
 Warbling in her wild notes clear,
 Of many a sage, and saint, and seer ;
 Things of ancient story gathers,
 How the patriarchal fathers
 Sat to eat their rural cheer,
 While the bubbling fountain near
 Would the sense of thirst assuage,
 With its cooling beverage.
 She would tell how Adam first,
 Ere the lovely earth was curst,
 Drank of living streams that roll'd
 Over gems and sands of gold.
 Hagar's bottle she would sing,
 Jordan's river, Jacob's spring ;
 How Rebecca's pitcher shew'd
 At the well the choice of God.
 Then how Israel's royal seed,
 In the desert water need ;





Religion supporting the dying Christian.

Till the rock receiv'd a blow,
 And the gushing waters flow;
 Rolling with salubrious tide,
 O'er the sandy desert wide,
 Cool, exhilarating, sweet,
 To allay the burning heat.
 She would say, when thro' the frame
 Causos pours his fatal flame:
 When the burning fever glows,
 And the blood more rapid flows,
 Thro' the arteries and veins,
 Than a courser o'er the plains,
 Water's mild affusion try,
 While the burning heat is high;
 Or, to cool the raging blood,
 Plunge into the crystal flood:
 But if this be deem'd too bold,
 Quaff the limpid bumper cold;
 Till the sweat from every pore,
 Shew the burning danger o'er;
 And the victim of disease,
 Feels returning rest and ease,
 And with triumph dare assever,
 Water cures the burning fever.



THE BEST WINE AT LAST;

Or, The Death-bed of the good Man.

“ See truth, love, and mercy, in triumph descending,
 “ And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
 “ On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,
 “ And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.—Beattie.

“ The death-bed of the just, is yet undrawn
 “ By mortal hand, it merits a divine!—Young.

O TELL me, Genius of the unknown scene!
 That lies this world and deathless bliss between,
 How saints depart from Time's unfriendly shore,
 And 'cross Death's stormy gulf triumphant soar?
 Say when the body sinks a breathless clod,
 Is the bright soul in paradise with God?
 Or is the distance to that blissful scene,
 Tenfold the space of this immense terrene?
 Say do angelic guides the spirits bear,
 Thro' countless realms and trackless fields of air?

Or wings the soul her way unseen, unknown,
 By intuition to Jehovah's throne ?
 Do happy souls in yon celestial sphere,
 No news of friends, no earth-born tidings hear ;
 Or oft revisiting this world of noise,
 Assist our triumphs and partake our joys ?
 And say is pure intelligence refin'd,
 From every tie to those it left behind ?
 Or does the soul, tho' pure as light and clear,
 From every stain, still love her kindred here ?
 When a fond mother quits the vale of woe,
 Feels she to tenderness for friends below ?
 Is the dear man she lov'd so well forgot ?
 Or does that orphan'd daughter move her not ?
 But if too high, too deep these secrets lie,
 O tell the good man's raptures ere he die !
 When on the verge of yon bright world of bliss,
 Say what foretoken charms the soul in this ?
 Ere the last wave is cross'd, has he a sight,
 Distinct and clear, of the calm shores of light ?
 Do heaven's bright-visions swim before his eyes,
 While in the vestibule of paradise ?
 Or does he glory in the promise spy,
 And antidote the bliss ere he enjoy ?

See on yon pale emaciated face,
 Submission, meekness, gratitude, and grace :
 In patient hope the just man yields his breath,
 And as a friend salutes the nuncio, Death.
 But ere on earth the mortal drama ends,
 And swift the bird of paradise ascends ;
 Each latent grace its lovely stem uprears,
 Each rose of Eden richer beauty wears.
 So blooms the violet before a blast,
 And sweetest sings the dying swan at last.
 O'er the dark gulf of death he looks serene,
 Angelic sweetness on his smile is seen ;
 That smile bespeaks beatitude begun,
 That look proclaims the deathless laurel won.
 Peace is not absent now, that fairest flower,
 That sheds her sweets on man's departing hour ;
 She makes his easy couch at eve and morn,
 And plants a rose where pain has fix'd a thorn ;
 Inspires his breast with resignation pure,
 Sweetly beguiling what she cannot cure ;
 For one sharp pang must end the mortal strife,
 And briefly cut the mystic knot of life.

Approach his bed, ye scoffers, ye profane—
 Is this the man ye laugh'd at as insane ?
 Go, infidel, thy brother rakes acquaint,
 Sin makes the fool, but piety the saint !

Come, see her triumphs in that dying face,
 And own thy folly and the power of grace.
 No fear, no doubt, the viper race is fled,
 A beam of glory plays around his bed.
 But does he feel a self-elating thought,
 As tho' himself the finish'd work had wrought ?
 No, less than nothing in his own esteem,
 The cross his glory, and the lamb his theme,
 He deems the throne of bliss a gracious gift ;
 And dreads to steal a single gem, or lift
 The crown divine on any but his Lord ;
 Or speak of merit, 'tis a term abhorr'd.
 Thus standing on the precipice of fate,
 Between a mortal and immortal state,
 His faith serenely penetrates the sky ;
 His hope blooms gaily with immortal joy ;
 His love already feels that heaven begun ;
 His morn arises ere the night be done ;
 " And all his prospects brightening to the last,
 " His heaven commences ere the world be past,"

—→Q←—

THE WEARY NEGRO.

A DIALOGUE.

— — — — —

" All other sorrows virtue may endure,
 " And find submission more than half a cure ;
 " But slavery ! virtue dreads it as her grave ;
 " Patience itself is meanness in a slave :
 " Or if the will and sov'reignty of God
 " Bid suffer it awhile, and kiss the rod,
 " Wait for the dawning of a brighter day,
 " And snap the chain the moment when you may.—Cowper.

— — — — —

NEGRO, is thy labour ended,
 In the parched burning ground ?
 By the vesper star befriended,
 Art thou to thy cabin bound ?

Yes, kind massa, night hab freed me
 From de drudging toils of day ;
 I vill to my cabin speed me,
 Dere my veary body lay.

Negro, is thy treatment cruel ?
 Is thy master kind or not ?
 Hast thou food enough, or do ill
 Overseers oppress thy lot ?

Art thou easy and contented,
 Satisfied to be a slave ?
 Hast thou ever yet repented
 Crossing the atlantic wave ?

Easy ! dat be great ting, massa :
 Negro easy, cannot be,
 Vile the vite man make us pass a
 Life of toil and misery.

Back be whipped, food be scantied,
 Von poor quart of corn a day ;
 Dis be all dat massa granted—
 He be cruel man, I say.

Can poor negro cease to sorrow,
 Ven his wife and little child
 Massa sell perhaps to-morrow ?
 Den poor Cato head run wild !

Cato, do thy hardships ever
 Make thee think of God above ?
 In thy sorrows dost thou never
 Dread his vengeance, seek his love ?

Yes, good massa, dat be truly
 In my thoughts both night and day ;
 Yet poor Cato hab but newly
 Know de narrow good man way.

Tho' de vite man vip and trike us,
 Ven we sink beneath our toil ;
 Still de Massa Saviour like us,
 Make de negro bosom smile.

Tell me, Cato, who has taught thee
 Jesus died a world to save ?
 Surely not the man who bought thee,
 Or convey'd thee o'er the wave.

No, no, massa, dey vas bad men,
 Strike us, make us dance and swear ;
 Dey would sing and drink like madmen,
 But dey never make a prayer.

Ven poor Cato come from Guinea,
 O'er de big, de mighty wave,
 Vid his wife and piccaninny,*
 To be sold de vite man's slave :

He no tink of soul or teacher,
 Slave to sin and obi man ;†
 Till de missionary preacher
 Taught de good salvation plan.

* Little child.——† Black conjuror.

De poor negro live in blindness,
 Hardly knew a God above :
 'Twas de missionary kindness
 Shew de African his love.

Dey proclaim a bleeding Jesus,
 Who for negro shed his blood ;
 He no wip, no strike, no teaze us,
 Seek de captive black man good.

Sweet de sabbat, for 'tis bringing
 Day of rest and worship too ;
 Sweet de preaching, sweet de singing,
 Sweet de gospel, sweet and true.

Now I feel vid all my troubles,
 Many a drop of sweet delight ;
 To de world and all its bubbles,
 Cato say, you bad good night.

Dis beguile poor negro sorrow,
 Sweetens all his burning toil ;
 Ven he hoe de cane to-morrow,
 Den de loving Saviour smile.

—•••O••—

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY,

MISS MARY PERKINS,

Daughter of Colonel Perkins, North America.

—

" Clos'd are those beauteous eyes in endless night ;
 " Those beauteous eyes, where beaming us'd to shine
 " Reason's pure light, and virtue's spark divine."—Lyttleton.
 " She sparkled, was exhal'd, and went to heaven."—Young.

—

SHE is gone to the mansions above !
 Yes, Mary, sweet Mary is dead ;
 To the regions of virtue and love,
 Her glorified spirit is fled.
 As the dew-drop exhal'd from the thorn,
 As the rose bud destroy'd by a blast,
 As the star that expires with the morn,
 So youth, worth, and sweetness are past.

We saw the dear maiden decline,
 And bow to the sovereign rod ;
 We saw her, she did not repine,
 Acknowledge the wisdom of God.
 We saw her cut off in her bloom,
 We view'd her with sorrow and joy,
 Consign'd to a premature tomb,
 Yet ripe for the mansions on high.

Adorn'd with salvation she was,
 Made white in the blood of the Lamb.
 But youth is a flower of the grass,
 As fleeting as shadow or flame ;
 To-day we sojourn in the vale,
 To-morrow are cold in the grave ;
 As a vision we vanish, or tale,
 As a bubble that floats on the wave.

But Mary was happy, and smil'd
 As the pale-faced legate drew near,
 Religion each terror beguil'd,
 And love was triumphant o'er fear.
 Her faith it was steadfast and sure,
 Her hope was an anchor well cast,
 Her meekness was form'd to endure,
 Her patience held out to the last.

Her sister presented a rose,
 The emblem of beauty and love ;
 She said, in the midst of her woes,
 I shall bloom as delightful above :
 No longer a withering flower,
 But lodg'd in the garden on high,
 No more shall affliction o'erpower,
 Nor Mary pine, languish, and die.

She is gone to the land of delight,
 Where wisdom and happiness dwell,
 To walk with her Saviour in white,
 And all his past goodness to tell.
 To meet with her sister and sire,
 Already arriv'd at the shore,
 And join the symphonious quire,
 Who warble the Lamb, and adore.



TO DIE IS GAIN :*

INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF JANE AND SALLY SEABURY,
OF HALIFAX, NORTH AMERICA,

Whose death-beds were sweetened with all the consolations of an assured
interest in the atoning blood of the blessed Redeemer.

" ————— O how they long
" To have their passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd :
" 'Tis done ; and now they're happy, the glad saints
" Have not a wish uncrown'd." —Blair.

" To die is gain : " yes, rich immortal gain,
The saint's triumphal passage to the sky ;
This sheds a lustre o'er the glooms of pain,
This weds mortality to deathless joy .

" To die is gain : " no stormy billows roll
In the mild haven of the happy shore,
Calm beams the morn of heaven upon the soul,
And all that's rough in mortal life is o'er.

" To die is gain," the raptur'd spirit knows ;
Escap'd the dust in yonder urn enshrin'd ;
And rising o'er the wreck of mortal woes,
Has left her shipmates and the storm behind.

" To die is gain," the purest spirits greet,
A soul escap'd from time's intricate maze ;
Conduct their sister saint to Jesus' feet,
To bend in purest extacies of praise.

" To die is gain : " expand ye gates of day ;
Touch every string, ye warbling quires above !
Be sweet redemption the extatic lay,
And give another saint the lyre of love !

" To die is gain," each raptur'd spirit sings,
Crown'd with the starry crown by Jesus won ;
A shining throng of heaven-born priests and kings,
Blest while eternal ages circling run.

" To die is gain : " O how my wishes glow !
To snatch the laurel wreath, to reach the bourne,
Where palms of conquest, trees of pleasure grow,
And weeping Piety no more shall mourn.

* The text of their funeral sermon.

"To die is gain,"—the toiling pastor there,
 And hoary saint by pain and sickness worn,
 Quaff sweet oblivion to mortal care,
 And pluck the rose that never had a thorn.

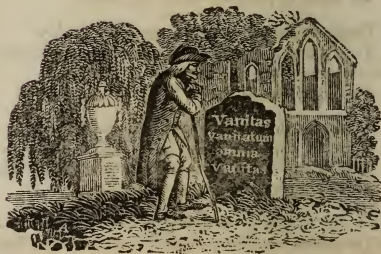
"To die is gain," the beatific light,
 The golden streets, the groves for ever green,
 To purest sweets the ransom'd saints invite,
 And night and death shall never intervene.

"To die is gain," ye thoughtless gay attend !
 See how the just resign their mortal breath,
 How pure their lives, how pacific their end ;
 They march to glory thro' the vale of death.

"To die is gain," exhilarating text,
 To her whose loss excites exquisite grief ;
 This soothes the pang, this calms the heart perplex,
 This balmy word administers relief.

"To die is gain," 'tis boundless gain to die,
 Tho' dark and cold the subterranean bed ;
 'Tis the pure vestibule to worlds on high,
 Where Jesus lay, and endless fragrance shed.

"To die is gain ;" O lay me in that tomb,
 Where the dear flesh of my Redeemer lay !
 The rose of Eden on my dust shall bloom,
 And guardian angels watch my sacred clay !



'THE NEGRO MARY ;

Or, Inhumanity to the Dead.

Black Mary was married to one of the band belonging to the 7th regiment, then lying in Bermuda. She was a pious, sensible, diligent creature, and was much esteemed in the regiment, both by the officers and private men, for her obliging, cheerful, and affectionate disposition. While they lay in St. George's, she lost several of her children; and at length dying herself, was buried along side them in the church yard of that town. "There the wicked cease from troubling." Alas! this was not the case; for in defiance of nature, decency, and humanity, she was taken up again, and refused the rights of sepulture in the hallowed spot! This conduct, however, excited such a spirit of indignation in the officers of the corps, that to shew their respect for the deceased, the whole regiment was ordered to attend her reinterment near St. George's Ferry; and the paymaster dying soon after, requested to be laid by the side of black Mary.

" ————— under ground
 " Precedency's a jest; vassal and lord,
 " Grossly familiar, side by side consume."—Grave, a poem.

OPEN wide the pearly doors,
 Angels swell the choral lay,
 Lo! a ransom'd spirit soars,
 Guide her to immortal day.

Not the noble, rich, or wise,
 But a simple saint, and poor,
 Claims admittance to the skies—
 Open wide the pearly door.

Molly was of Guinea race,
 Deeply sable was her hue;
 But her placid eyes and face,
 Spoke a feeling heart and true.

Sympathy is not confin'd*
 To the privileged class:
 Molly had a gentle mind,
 She compassion's image was.

Molly had a soul within,
 Lovely, noble, large, divine,
 Not eclips'd by her skin,
 Diamonds in the darkness shine.

* "For two years," says Father du Tertre, "our negro, Dominic, after the death of his wife, never failed one single day, as soon as he had returned from his labours, to take the little boy and girl he had by her, and to carry them to the grave of the deceased, where he spent full half an hour in weeping, and his little children frequently followed his example." What a funeral oration for a wife and a mother! And yet she was only a poor slave.—Studies of Nature, vol. 3, page 240.

Faces may be black or white,
For the body's but a clod,
Tis the intellectual light
Stamps the lineaments of God.

Man is mercy's favour'd child,
Though he pant in burning air,
Or inhabit glaciers wild,
God, his father, feeds him there.

God, Emmanuel, loves him too,
As a fallen ransom'd man,
Whether white or black his hue,
Born in Britain or Japan.

God, the spirit, loves to draw
On his heart, the ruder lines
Of Jehovah's moral law,
Till the sun-bright gospel shines.

Soon that gospel shall expand,
Soon the day-star shall appear,
Visit every gloomy land,
Bring the bright millinnial year!

Roll the negro's curse away,
From the Niger to the Nile,
O'er the wilds his sceptre sway,
Make the arid desert smile.

Molly saw the light afar,
It on her already smil'd,
Like a newly risen star
O'er a morning dark and wild.

Glad she hail'd the new-born day,
All was light and love within;
Welcome, welcome is the ray
Blotting out the clouds of sin!

But she sicken'd and she died:
Princes must resign their breath!
Calm her end exemplified,
How the saint is blest in death.

Like a summer evening sky,
All serene the christian was,
Till her spirit soar'd on high,
Quits the elemental mass.

Let the drums be muff'd all!
Let the music solemn play!
Lift the bier and bear the pall!
Molly near her children lay!

Earth to ashes, dust to dust,
 Now the tomb receives her own ;
 Till the trump awakes the just,
 Lifts them to Jehovah's throne.

No ! the rage of cruel men,
 With the fell hyena's spite,
 Tore her from the earth again,
 Robb'd her of sepulchral rite ;

Grudg'd her body of a tomb ;
 Toss'd the brown turf from her head,
 Ere the grass began to bloom
 O'er the consecrated dead.

What ! deny her dust a place
 On its genuine mother's breast !
 O ye slave-oppressing race !
 She is now the Saviour's guest.

" Let our blacks and us alone ;
 " Stop your ravings, gentle poet ;
 " Insurrection is your tone,
 " All your wild ideas shew it.

" Is the wide distinction nought,
 " 'Twixt a white man and a slave ?
 " Who can bear the horrid thought,
 " To have blacks beside his grave.

" No, the consecrated spot
 " Africans shall ne'er invade,
 " Where the whites alone should rot,
 " Not a negro shall be laid."

O ye hypocritic drones !
 Curst with hearts that cannot feel ;
 Callous to the negro's groans,
 Callous as a bar of steel !

If the Judge of all mankind,
 " As ye measure mete to you ;"
 What compassion will ye find ?
 Only rigour is your due !

Though the golden precept shines,*
 Ye a brother's rights disdain ;
 Nature's claims, and scripture lines,
 Plead with you, but plead in vain.

* " Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them ;
 for this is the law and the prophets."—Math. 7. 12.

Tho' ye now a grave deny,
 Can ye bar the gates of light ?
 Lo, her spirit mounts on high,
 Wonders at your impious spite.

Let the slave-oppressor dread,
 Lest a sin-avenging God
 Pour upon his haughty head
 Woe for woe, and rod for rod !

Soon the final hour appears,
 Vengeance will not always spare ;
 Negro's wrongs, and groans and tears,
 Are not lost in empty air.

They are bottled up on high ;
 By and by the bolt shall fall ;
 Sevenfold vengeance from the sky,
 Shall o'erwhelm th' oppressors all !



VINCIT VERITAS :

*Humbly and affectionately inscribed to my very
 dear Brethren.*

—
 Incolumni semper amicitia.

- “ Who of twain hath made us one, maintains our unity ;
 “ Jesus is the corner-stone, in whom we all agree.
 “ Servants of one common Lord, sweetly one in heart and mind ;
 “ Who can break a threefold cord, or part whom God hath join'd ?”

—
 Wesley.

BAND of brothers still unite !
 O'er the earth, and o'er the main,
 Spread the purest gospel light ;
 Spread it till Messiah reign !

Still as one united stand,
 Still as one united move,
 Till by you our happy land
 Hail the reign of truth and love.

Let the artful Deist fret,
 Let the wise Socinian rail,
 Let the narrow bigot threat,
 Truth is mighty shall prevail !

Band of brothers still unite !
 Wide the gospel trumpet sound,
 Till the purest moral light
 Radiate creation round.

Distant islands near the sun,
 Long shall bless your holy zeal ;
 From the deepest darkness won,
 Light they see and life they feel.

Wide o'er Erin's pensive plains,
 Ye have shed the light, and broke
 Superstition's gloomy chains,
 Half relax'd the papal yoke.

Cambria's lofty hills attest,
 Scotland's lowlands wide proclaim,
 Your unceasing labours blest ;
 Norman isles have felt the flame.

Where mild Hesper's lovely light
 Glances o'er the western world,
 Ye with zeal as pure as bright,
 Have the banner cross unfurl'd.

Band of brothers, still unite,
 " Though the gates of hell assail ;"
 Ye shall conquer in the fight,
 Spread and prosper, and prevail.

In the wilderness a voice
 Soft and sweet, yet loud and clear,
 Bids New Scotland's* wilds rejoice,
 Ye have sent salvation there.

Ye have bid the desert bloom,
 Where the wild fowl builds her nest,
 Where the sea fog spreads a gloom,
 O'er yon island in the west.†

Where the pagods of the east‡
 Glitter in the rising day,
 Ye have taught the Budda priest
 Heaven's blood besprinkled way.

In the hot Bahama Isles,
 Ye have bid salvation speed ;
 Where Bermuda verdant smiles,
 Planted genuine gospel seed.

Band of brothers still unite,
 One in heart, in hope, in creed ;
 Where the lost your steps invite,
 Fly on seraph wings of speed.

* Nova Scotia.——† Newfoundland.——‡ Ceylon.

On yon rock,* that braves afar
 Gallia's hate, Hispania's power,
 Ye amidst the arts of war
 Plant the gospel, sweetest flower.

Ye with charity divine,
 Earth's remotest bounds explore ;
 Bid the light of heaven shine,
 On New Holland's giant shore.

Where a night as black as bell†
 Covers half the torrid zone,
 And abhorr'd oppression fell
 Rears her desolating throne,

Ye have bid a haggard soil,
 And the dregs of human race,
 With the bloom of mercy smile,
 Truth, and righteousness and grace.

Band of brothers still unite,
 Spread his life dispensing word ;
 'Neath the red cross banner fight,
 Of your all-redeeming Lord !

Truth resistless shall prevail
 O'er the earth and ocean wide ;
 Welcome as a summer gale,
 Rapid as a winter tide.

Ye shall hear it with your ears,
 Ye shall see it with your eyes,
 Ye shall live when it appears,
 Ye shall die before it dies.

To the northward of the line,
 To the south the news shall run,
 Where the night and morning join,
 Sets or dawns the joyful sun.

Inquisitions, altars, fanes,
 Dash'd to atoms down are hurl'd ;
 Superstition's gloomy chains
 Shall no more enthrall the world.

Band of brothers still unite,
 O'er the earth and o'er the main ;
 Spread the purest gospel light,
 Spread it till Messiah reign.

* Gibraltar.—† Sierra Leone.

BLACK HANNAH, THE PATIENT AFRICAN.

“ The beggar treads upon the monarch’s heel
 “ For excellence, and often wears a heart
 “ Of nobler temper under filth and rags.—Hurdis.

“ Deem our nation brutes no longer, till some reason ye shall find,
 “ Worthy of regard, and stronger than the colour of our kind !
 “ Slaves of gold, whose sordid dealings tarnish all your boasted powers,
 “ Prove that you have (pious) feelings ere you proudly question ours !
 Cowper.

BLACK Hannah own’d a little cot,
 As dark as any grave,
 And silent sorrow was the lot
 Of this poor negro slave.

Her frame was worn, her leg was sore,
 And rotten to the bone,
 Yet with serenity she bore
 The pain without a moan.

And oft as lying on her bed,
 She with a smile would say :
 My Fader yesterday me fed,
 And he will feed to-day.

For now and then some colour’d friend
 Would kind assistance grant ;
 And many a black would succour send,
 To mitigate her want.

The Africans have feeling hearts,
 And sympathy will shew ;
 Excellency oft what finer parts,
 And softer manners know.

But whether she had fast or food,
 Hannah would always tell :
 My Massa, Jesus, very good,
 Do all ting very well.

My Massa, Jesus, very kind,
 He make de heaven within ;
 He wash de guilty, teach de blind,
 And save de lost from sin.

Me tink, as on dis bed I lie,
 What a kind friend he prove ;
 And den my bosom dance for joy,
 And weep aloud for love.

Whenever this deponent came
To pray with her, and see her,
Her eyes with gratitude would flame,
And sparkle with a tear.

And oft as he beside her bed
Of silent suffering stay'd,
A thousand blessed words she said,*
And many times she pray'd.

Although she could not read a bit
Of holy scripture fair,
Within her heart the truth was writ,
She had a bible there.

Who taught the prophets taught her too,
Without the aid of rules ;
She more than many bishops knew,
And some renowned schools.

A light that proud hearts never knew,
That wise hearts never see,
Was poor unletter'd Hannah's clew,
No other guide had she.

A light that takes our guilt away,
And mortifies our pride,
That sheds a beam of brightest day
On what we love to hide.

This light, from Deity alone,
Such sweetness round her shed,
It made her cottage seem a throne,
A rosy couch her bed.

'Twas Hannah's paradise below,
A paradise that smil'd ;
Like evergreens in winter snow,
An Eden in the wild.

It taught her heart the history
Of love's redeeming plan,
The blood-inscribed mystery
Of heaven's love to man.

And she would oft with holy shame
The plan of love retrace ;
Her heart would melt at Jesu's name,
And bound at Jesu's grace.

* The substance of the following verses are literally the words of this poor bed-ridden uninstructed negro, particularly the last ten or twelve. For a further account of Hannah, see the author's ' Narrative of a Mission,' p. 247.

Her lot, if sight alone might guess,
Was penury and woe :
Yet still she would her thanks express,
That God should bless her so.

To smile beneath the penal rod,
An humble christian may,
But Hannah justified her God
For what he took away.

Metink he cause poor Hannah lame,
Lest I should do amiss ;
Den my good massa I no blame,
Me love him more for dis.*

Tink he say : Hannah, you be mine ;
Me hab a heaven for you,
Where all the blessed angels shine,
And happy spirits too.

Sometimes temptation say, you bad,
De Lord no hear you pray ;
Den my poor heart be very sad,
And comfort die away.

De wicked devil drive me back,
He all my vileness swell ;
He frown and say, You negur black,
You shall be sent to hell.

He say, You tink God hear your prayer—
He someting else to do ;
He great way off—he never care
For negurs such as you.

Den I lift up my heavy heart,
And weep, and sigh, and pray,
Come, my dear Saviour, take my part,
And drive old Sam away.

Sometimes my blessed Massa, he
Come take me by de hand,
And place me where metink I see
Ten thousand angels stand.

* Instances of genuine resignation to the will of God, and often the cruelty of man, are very common among the converted blacks : cruelty may sometimes excite a murmur, but more generally patience and submission mark the pious negro, as the following little anecdote will shew. A black was speaking of the love of God to his soul, when his leader asked him the following questions :—
“ If your driver should lay you down and flog you, what would you do then ? ”
“ Me should love him still.” “ But if you could get no meat,” replied the leader. “ Me eat, me tank me Fader ; me no eat, me tank me Fader ; me live, me tank me Fader ; me die, me tank me Fader.”—Coke's History of the West Indies, vol. 2, page 269.

Who praise de Lord wid heart and voice ;
 De fall before de throne,
 And sing, and worship, and rejoice,
 But Hannah stands alone.

Den he say, Hannah, you no stay ;
 Me fetch you by and by ;
 Go back and suffer till I say,
 Come to dy Massa joy.

Metink he lead me by a den,
 A dark and ugly pit,
 And dere be cries of wicked men,
 And smoke and fire in it.

And as we nearer to it came,
 To my dear Lord I clung,
 Who held me from de burning flame,
 As over it I hung.

Den he say, Hannah, you hold fast,
 For I was nearly in ;
 And I will save you to de last,
 From burning pit and sin.

Thus Hannah all the live-long day
 Would sit upon her bed,
 And often sing, and often pray,
 And many tears she shed.

O may the sin-atoning Lamb,
 Unlock the stores of grace !
 To all the progeny of Ham,
 A poor degraded race.

The feeling heart, the liberal hand,
 On every saint bestow,
 Till missions spread in every land,
 And blacks Messiah know.



A FAREWELL TO NOVA SCOTIA.



- “ Should fate command me to the farthest verge
- “ Of this green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
- “ Rivers unknown to song ; where first the sun
- “ Gilds alpine mountains, or his setting beams
- “ Flame on the Atlantic isles : 'tis nought to me,
- “ Since God is ever present, ever felt !” — Thompson.

THOU climate of cold, where the icy winds blow ;
 Where the maple fire burns, and the lofty pines grow ;

Ere I quit thy cold shores for a happier clime,
I'll chaunt my farewell in a fragment of rhyme!

Seven years have I travers'd thy desolate woods,
Thy bays, marshes, lakes, and thy icy-pav'd floods;
With tempest and snow-drift impeding my course,
And icicles spangling both me and my horse.

I've frequently pass'd in my snow-gliding sled
Thy dark lofty pines that wav'd over my head,
Still humming a tune as I fac'd the cold breeze,
Till the snug little settlement peep'd through the trees.

Nor shall I forget in thy winters severe,
When crossing bleak marshes and barrens most drear,
Full many a blessing has warmed my heart, [smart.
Though the cold chill'd my blood, and my fingers would

With a joy unexpress'd I have often surveyed
The cottage that cheer'd in thy wilderness shade,
Though my lodging was cold, and the stars I could see
Through the chinks of my log-room bright twinkling on me.

When the fierce blowing drift had the pathway eras'd,
With my staff in my hand I've the north-wester fac'd;
My sad tie-bags over my shoulders well tied,
I've trudged over the snow, for 'twas too deep to ride.

How oft have I "scaped by the skin of my teeth,"
When the ice was worn thin by the currents beneath;
And when by the showers the torrents were rais'd,
I trembled till past,—but delivered, I prais'd.

Hence learn, O my soul, to put trust in the Lord:
His care and past dangers be kept on record.
The sea and the desert with safety are cross'd;
Be faithful—thou shalt not in Jordan be lost.

O scene of my labours, I bid thee adieu;
I love thy rough climate, tho' sightless to view.
When o'er the wide ocean I sail far away,
I'll think of thy woods—for thy woodlanders pray.

Though transient thy spring-time, thy winters severe;
Though freezing and sea fog encircle the year,
Yet thy wilds have their game, and thy forests their stores,
And kind are the natives that people thy shores.

The moose in thy woods, and the bears in thy brakes;
The trout in thy streams, and the fowl on thy lakes;
Thy salmon, thy maple, and fine pome-de-terre,*
A bountiful providence jointly declare.

Nor do I forget that fair piety grows,
Like an evergreen plant amid thy bleaching snows;
Who rules the green earth from the Oby to Nile,
Has illumin'd thy wastes with his lucific smile.

Thy forests and snow-drifts, thy marshes and bogs,
'Thy birch-cover'd wigwams, and sun-veiling fogs;
Thy cold rocky soil, and thy winters severe,
His presence can sweeten, his blessing can cheer:

For 'tis not in seasons or climes to impart
The bliss that enlivens and gladdens the heart;
Spitsbergen's cold shores, or Borneo's scorch'd isle,
Can please if illumin'd with Jesu's smile!

That smile is a spring of delight to the soul,
Though tempests arise and the fierce billows roll;
It gladdens the desert, it charms the wild wave,
Gives ease in affliction, and hope in the grave.

Ye high-coned pines, and ye balsamic firs!
Ye maples so sweet, and ye quiv'ring poplars!
'Neath your shades* I have stood while ye heard me proclaim
Salvation unbounded through Jesus's name!

But ne'er shall I wander thy woodlands again,
Where silence and gloom, brother foresters, reign;
Nor travel thy dreary peninsula o'er,
From the Canada gulf to the Atlantic shore.

Farewell to thy plains, and adieu to thy hills!
Thy deep rapid rivers and wood-cutting mills!
Thy terrible snow-drifts, thy bleak torpid coasts!
Adieu to the region of sea-fog and frost!

—•••••—

A DESCRIPTIVE EPISTLE FROM BERMUDA, TO THE LATE REV. DOCTOR CORE.

“ ——— there eternal summer dwells;
“ And west winds, with a musky wing,
“ About the cedar'n alleys fling
“ Nard and Cassia's balmy smells.”—Comus.
“ These leafy islands e'er the ocean thrown,
“ Like studs of emerald on a silver zone.”—Moore.

DEEP in the bosom of Atlantic waves,
Whose snowy foam a rocky island laves,

* The author frequently preached in the woods.

Far from my friends on western Scotia's shore,
 But further from the land my thoughts deplore :
 I sit me down to muse an hour or two,
 ‡ Ease my full heart, and fill a page for you.

What time the moon a slender crescent wears,
 Dim in the west, and quickly disappears ;
 We seek the bark, unfurl each lofty sail
 To the full impulse of a northern gale :
 And left the land where polar tempests blow,
 Bind the wild waves, and spread a waste of snow :
 Where woods extend immeasurably wide,
 And gloomy fogs the summer sunshine hide.
 Where rais'd sublime on her unpolish'd throne,
 Wild nature reigns unrival'd and alone ;
 Rocks, cataracts, rivers, forests, own her sway,
 And caverns exil'd from the light of day.

But when night's orb her spacious horn had fill'd
 One globe of light, one pure refulgent shield ;
 We saw Bermuda's rock encircled shore,
 Her reefs extend, and heard her breakers roar !
 Where gallant Somers, tost by many blast,†
 Found an asylum from the waves at last !
 Here rocks into a thousand shapes are wrought,
 The yawning cavern, and the dripping grot,
 And dismal ledges lurk beneath the wave,
 The ship's destruction, and the seaman's grave.
 For long before the steersman sees the shore,
 Or hears appall'd the inner breakers roar,
 His gallant vessel, with an awful crash,
 On the dire reefs with thund'ring noise may dash ;
 While the stunn'd seaman, 'midst a sea of foam,
 Looks wildly round, and sadly thinks of home ;
 But wife or home his eyes shall never view,
 The next fierce surge o'erwhelms the hapless crew,
 And spreads the wreck in shivers on the wave ;
 No eye to pity, and no arm to save.

Yet though these seas a thousand rocks infold,
 Not half so fatal Scylla fam'd of old !
 Though needy Spaniards mourn'd its want of mines,
 Where diamonds blaze, and snowy silver shines ;
 Tho' bleak and wild the chill north-wester roars,
 And rolls the white wave on the rocky shores,

‡ This epistle was written under some very painful emotions of mind, occasioned by the little prospect of success which the author had when he first arrived in Bermuda.—See author's 'Narrative,' &c. p. 128 to 149.

† Sir George Somers (from whom the islands derive their name) was not lost here, as is generally thought, but saved. These islands proved a haven to his foundering vessel.—See the author's 'Narrative,' &c. p. 114.

That stand a barrier 'midst the surging swell,
 So stands a saint amidst the rage of hell !
 So stands the rock of truth, on which I rest,
 When hell pours all her whirlwinds round my breast !

Yet on the land a different view is seen,
 Groves ever gay, and vallies ever green.
 Here WALLER made the list'ning rocks admire
 'The sylvan sweetness of his charming lyre.
 And here his ditties love-sick LITTLE† sigh'd,
 Where the dark mangroves kiss the flowing tide.
 But not with these do I attempt to vie—
 Moore is too loose, and Waller far too high ;
 And yet I may one short epistle send,
 Nor fear a critic whom I love, a friend.
 Here Spring, in robes of living verdure, deigns
 To crown the cedar hills and sunny plains ;
 " Here sea-born gales their gelid winds expand,
 " To winnow fragrance o'er the happy land."

When on some little eminence I rise,
 O what a sight to feast poetic eyes !
 Three hundred isles adorn'd with cedar trees,
 That give their balmy sweetness to the breeze ;
 While here and there the snowy mansions rise,
 Like bow'rs of bliss in groves of paradise !
 Had ancient poets known this little spot,
 These em'rald isles, that Ocean's bosom dot,
 Thessalian Tempe, and Ausonian bowers,
 Tho' rich in pastures, and profuse in flowers,
 Had not appear'd more beautiful and fair,
 Than these gay rocks and sea-beat islets are.

Thro' half the year a rich nutritious store,
 The blooming trees and cultur'd gardens pour.
 Here purple grapes in swelling clusters grow,
 There milk-white arrow-root abounds below.
 See rich in juice the musky melon lies,
 Aloof the bread-roots, green cas-adas rise ;
 The savoury onion,* and the yellow squash,
 The pumpkin green, and bowl-form'd calabash.
 In the green woods how beauteous to behold,
 The yellow orange pour his flaming gold ;
 Enormous lemons swell the curving bough,
 And juicy limes unbid spontaneous grow ;
 These yield their juice, the thirsty swain to cheer,
 And cool the fervours of the genial year.

† Little Moore, who wrote some elegant, though amorous and licentious odes, from Bermuda.

* Loads of which they send every year to the West Indies, which gave rise to that question so commonly asked Bermuda vessels,—“ What is your cargo ?”—
 “ Ducks and onions.”

Nor should my landscape loving muse forget,
 The luscious fig, and seedy pomegranate ;
 The guava sweet, and tart the tamarind,
 The mulberry red, the pappa deeply green ;
 With that whose branching leaf displays,
 A parasol to break the solar rays ;
 Delicious fruit, which some banana call,
 Whose pulpy sweetness is belov'd by all.

Nor should the azure ocean be forgot,
 Which adds new beauties to this little spot ;
 Clear thro' the verdant isles it sweetly roves,
 Clasp their green charms, and laves their coral groves ;
 And, like a mirror of the finest face,
 Improves the scene, and brightens every grace !
 A thousand shining shells the deeps adorn,
 With lustres brilliant as a vernal morn ;
 Thro' the clear wave along the rocks are seen,
 The pearly oyster, and the plant marine.*
 On the white sand the murex forms his mail,
 The little nautilus expands his sail,
 Glides through the deep, or dances on the tide,
 Nor needs the pole or compass for his guide.
 Where the steep crag invades the waves profound,
 The dreadful scuttle† spreads his arms around ;
 Whose fibrous fangs twist closely round his prey,
 Suck the best blood, and drain the life away.
 O'er the clear water's variegated bed,
 Cavernous rocks and coral thickets spread,
 Where horned conks their pearly hues unfold,
 Shine thro' the waves, and drink the solar gold.
 Here too, huge whales in rapid motion sweep,
 Roll o'er the waves, or foam along the deep ;
 Dark'ning the white sand with a dreadful shade,
 While from their nostrils roar a bright cascade !

In this bright isle no wint'ry snows are known,
 Those white-wing'd scourges of the frigid zone !
 Nor winter house the native here requires,
 Nor downy furs to warm, nor blazing fires.
 For tho' the genial sun be far remote,
 In southern climes to charm the friendly goat,
 And make the haughty dons of Paragua
 Seek the cool shade, or pant beneath his sway ;
 Yet still enamour'd of these sea-girt shores,
 O'er heaven's high arch a gentle heat he pours.
 Hence winter brings, tho' foaming billows roll,
 No icy armies from the frozen pole.

* Madripores.

† These scuttle or cuttle-fish adhere to the rocks, spreading nine or ten legs in all directions, which undulate with the water, until they fasten upon something. They will often draw a duck down. They were, probably, the monsters Homer has magnified in his horrors of the Gulf of Charybdis.

'Tis true, the gardens half their beauty lose,
 And chill and heavy fall the evening dews ;
 The fig and vine their leafy beauty shed,
 And the pomegranate's scarlet bloom is dead.
 The pride of Ind', in heat a cooling shade,
 Not needed now, is stript or disarray'd.
 Serenely thro' the veins the life-blood glides,
 The titillating prickly heat subsides ;
 Less fierce the venomous mosquitoes bite,
 Nor burn the eyeballs with the dazzling white.
 Yet on these rocks the fierce-wing'd squall descends,
 Foams o'er the reefs, and sky and ocean blends !
 And ere the morning throws her lucid robe
 Of virgin light, o'er half the dusky globe,
 The *wrecker*,* all impatient of the day,
 To the high cliffs directs his eager way ;
 And where the ocean meets the arched skies,
 Where glimmering white the distant breakers rise,
 Some hapless bark emerges o'er the tide,
 Her cables cut, her tall masts o'er her side ;
 Along her bands the foaming waters roar,
 Mount the tall stem, and thunder o'er the prore !

These verdant isles amidst the mighty main,
 These sunny rocks where bloom and beauty reign,
 Auspicious wisdom might in love design
 A cooling refuge from the burning line ;
 A shady arbour, a serene retreat
 From torrid fevers, and from torrid heat.
 Some say, since banish'd from the fiery zone,
 The fair Hygeia makes this isle her throne.
 Gaily along the breezy shore she roves,
 Or builds her palace 'midst the cedar groves ;
 A thousand convalescents own her sway,
 Bless her mild rule, and willing homage pay ;
 From where the sun's insufferable blaze,
 Makes sultry nights and suffocating days ;
 From wide Columbia's variegated coast,
 From Fundy's fogs and wild Acadia's† frost ;
 With slack'ned nerves and dissipated bloom,
 To gain a cure, a respite from the tomb.
 The wasted sick to these pure isles repair,
 T'inhale the sweetness of salubrious air ;
 These hope to find a cooler clime, and these
 A warmer sun-beam and a milder breeze.

Clad in her sylvan charms and sunny robe,
 This island has no rival on the globe.

* There are numbers in Bermuda, who, after every storm, keep a look out for wrecked vessels, and go off to their help.

† So the French formerly called Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

Each taste may find a flavour sure to please ;
 Each eye a gay, a grateful colour sees ;
 Each constitution finds a healthful gale,
 And flowers and cedar gratify each smell.
 Could happiness from any spot arise,
 These em'rald islands might dispute the prize.
 The morn is fragrant ; and when night has drawn
 Her sable curtain over hill and lawn,
 And from the east the full orb'd moon appears,
 The blazing planets and the twinkling stars,
 The dark tall cedar's[‡] spiry tops are seen,
 In vivid brightness clad, and smiling green ;
 But when from heav'ns higher arch she pours
 A flood of glory on the sparkling shores,
 The placid ocean dazzled with her rays,
 Seems liquid gold, so bright the waters blaze !
 A thousand beauties burst upon the sight,
 And the whole landscape glitters with delight !

Thus nature charms, till fierce solstitial rays,
 From Leo, or intenser Virgo blaze ;
 Then flaming heat, with rage unrival'd, pours
 Along the scorched hills and rocky shores,
 And spreads a dismal arid waste around,
 Shrivels the plants, and burns the thirsty ground.
 And now, unless the meilow clouds distil
 Their humid stores on garden, grove, and hill,
 Man's purest beverage would surely fail,
 And mad'ning thirst alike o'er all prevail.
 For here no rivers pour their crystal tide !
 No fountains rise, no lucid currents glide !
 No gushing torrents down the mountains foam !
 No weedy brooks along the valleys roam !
 But every house adown its sloping sides,
 A ridge to guide the pouring rain provides ;
 Around the eaves the eager waters flow,
 By spouts conducted to the tanks below ;
 For seldom do the bounteous skies refuse
 Their grateful showers, or night-refreshing dews ;
 Hence every month, through all the annual round,
 Or loads the tree, or paints th' enamel'd ground.
 Yet 'midst thy many beauties, lovely isle,
 Where ceaseless spring and constant summers smile ;
 Amidst thy healthful clime, and soften'd gales,
 Thy cedar hills, and sun illumin'd vales,
 Abhorr'd oppression, with her gorgon face,
 The scourge and terror of the sable race,
 Spurns at the native rights of free-born men,
 And binds the negro with her seven-fold chain.

‡ The cedar (*Juniperus Bermudiana*) is the common tree ; it beautifies and enriches the whole island, and covers these rocks with a robe of perennial and delightful green.

Hence deathless essences that shall survive
 Sun, sea, and skies, and live while angels live,
 Are vilely bought, and infamously sold,
 A man, a friend, a brother, truck'd for gold !
 Like the stout ox that crops the flexile grass,
 As tho' no soul informed the vital mass.
 But this, alas ! is not the worst of ills,
 This rocky island to its centre fills.
 Fair piety, that richest, sweetest grant
 Of love divine, that superlunar plant,
 Is here neglected for inferior good,
 Torn by the roots, or blasted in the bud.
 Soft indolence her downy couch displays;
 And lures her sons to gay inglorious ease ;
 While guilty passions to the foul embrace.
 Seduce the daughters of the swarthy race.
 And what are cedar hills and skies serene ;
 Bloom ever gay, and gardens ever green ?
 What boot's the health ambrosial gales impart,
 If peace forsake, and sin corrupt the heart ?
 If pure religion fill'd thy groves and bowers,
 And shed her lustre on thy sea-girt shores ;
 If liberty throughout thy small domain,
 Humanity and friendship in her train,
 On fell oppression could erect her throne,
 And raise thy climate's beauties by her own ;
 Then hail ! thou lovely, verdant, sunny isle,
 Where summers bloom, and seasons gaily smile !



THE HOMILY.

VERSES ON PREACHING.

—

“ The specious sermons of a learned man,
 “ Are little else but flashes in the pan ;
 “ But he who preaches with a Christian grace,
 “ Fires at our vices, and the shot takes place.”—Byrom.

“ How oft when Paul has serv'd us with a text,
 “ Has Epictetus, Plato, Tully preach'd.”—Cowper.

—

IT should be short, or it will steep
 The heart in apathy or sleep ;
 The dull will yawn, the loungers doze,
 And even vigil eyelids close.

It should be warm, an altar coal,
To touch, to move, to melt the soul ;
A dull essay, serenely read,
Will never rouse the moral dead.

Like a deep river, full and slow,
It should majestically flow :
Who gives a rapid horse the reins,
May win a hourseness for his pains.

It should be practically clear,
No theory to please the ear ;
No curious quirks to tickle pride,
And leave the poor unedified.

Reproof should be affectionate ;
The Saviour wept o'er Salem's fate.
The fiery law, with love allay'd,
Will sweetly warn, and yet persuade.

It should in reason's garb be drest,
Wisely conceiv'd, and well exprest.
A silly notion is a toy,
That proves the preacher but a boy.

It is an axiom of reason,
All things are beautiful in season ;
Thus when the summer gaily blooms,
We love light dress and airy rooms.

But when the brumal goat deforms
Our lovely earth with troops of storms,
We seek the warmest room's recess,
And change our pleasures, food, and dress.

Sermons should have adapted graces,
To men and manners, times and places ;
A theme for scholars, sages, lords,
With dull mechanics ill accords.

It should with gospel beauties bloom,
Like Paul's at Athens, Corinth, Rome ;
Let some Epictetus esteem,
Emmanuel is the gospel theme.

On this broad bottom all I venture ;
This sun shall be my system's centre ;
And as I never was at college,
He's all my science, wisdom, knowledge.

It should be mix'd with ardent prayer,
To reach the heart, and fasten there :
When God and man are both addressed,
This gives a blessing that is blessed.

It should be well applied at last,
 To make the moral nail stick fast ;
 But be the shafts love-temper'd steel,
 To make the sinner hope and feel,



HUMANITY'S GEM.

“ Jesus wept.”—John 11. 35.

“ Lorenzo, hast thou ever weigh'd a sigh,
 “ Or studied the philosophy of tears ?
 “ A science yet unlectur'd in our schools.”—Young.

How sweet is the tear of regret,
 That drops from humanity's eye ;
 How lovely the cheek that is wet,
 And bosom that heaves with a sigh.
 This world is a sorrowful stage,
 A valley of weeping and woe ;
 From childhood to garrulous age,
 The tear uninvited will flow.

Our own, or another's distress,
 Will force the soft lustres to fall,
 Nor can the mild bosom do less
 Than grieve for the sorrows of all ;
 For he who has nought to impart,
 May at least give the wretched a tear,
 'Twill comfort the sorrowful heart,
 When no other comfort is near.

The Saviour in sympathy wept,
 And gave the divinest relief,
 When Lazarus mortally slept,
 To his sisters o'erwhelmed with grief :
 He sorrow'd for Solyma's doom,
 As he sat upon Olivet's steep ;
 He thought on her judgment to come,
 And pity constrain'd him to weep.

The seers and the prophets of old,
 A noble and heavenly throng,
 Were cast in a generous mould,
 With passions for sympathy strong.
 They wept out of pity for man,
 To see him so vile and so base,
 And rivers of sorrow have ran
 For Adam's degenerate race.

When after long absence, a friend
 Returns to delight us and kiss,
 Our tears with our extacies blend,
 And sweeten the relish of bliss.
 Then gay is the tear of delight,
 When rapture the bosom o'erflows,
 Like a star on the azure of night,
 Or a dew-drop that falls from the rose.

Ah! give me the penitent tear,
 That flows from contrition divine!
 It brings the sweet Comforter near,
 Of pardon the prelude and sign.
 Grief only continues a night,
 Then beauty for ashes shall bloom,
 And sorrow subside to delight,
 When peace, hope, and favour illume.



THE MOSQUITO.

LITTLE teasing, buzzing thing,
 With thy poison-pointed wing;
 While my mind is full of musing,
 Thou the widest pore art choosing,
 Darting quick thy little lance in,
 Fierce as hero when romancing:
 Ankle, nose, or ears, or finger,
 Where the little bloated stinger
 Quaffs the rosy blood, as merry
 As a Spaniard does his sherry.
 Quick I feel the titillation—
 Dash the robber from his station—
 But my thoughts are set a flying,
 As a flock the fowler spying;
 And ere Fancy's realms I light in,
 Reveries give place to biting.

If by streams, that soft meander
 Thro' the lonely woods, I wander,
 Where my haunt no human being
 Has the privilege of seeing;
 And beneath the maple shaded,
 By sweet contemplation aided:
 Sweet I taste, no other needing,
 All the luxury of reading;
 Gravely poring o'er the pages
 Of the present or past ages,
 Feeding with an inward rapture
 On each paragraph or chapter.

Near my feet the stream is purling,
Or in little eddies curling,
Every passion rapt in slumbers,
But the love of sacred numbers.
O'er my head the pines of Scotia,
Form Dan. Milton's valambrosa ;
And from maple, copse, or hillock,
Whip-poor-will, or chictowillock,
Make the solitude delighting,
Nothing now to spoil inditing ;
Nothing, till I hear the humming
Of the little robbers coming.
Quick they spy their prey, and I am
Fain to crouch like aged Priam,
When Achilles fiercely eyed him,
Menac'd, and began to chide him.
Thus they spoil my silent reading,
Stinging, buzzing, biting, bleeding ;
Swarm like Lilliputians round me,
And like Gulliver they wound me.

If I sometimes feel a pride in
The mild exercise of riding,
And the woodland path am pacing,
Providence or scripture tracing,
Myriads are my path pursuing,
Like Dan. Æsop's bees poor bruin ;
Rob me of my honey'd treasure,
Spoil my riding and my pleasure.
When the toiling day is ended,
Lost in shades the sun descended,
And the hour of rest inviting,
Bids me lay aside my writing :
Soon as e'er my eyelids closing,
Feel the sweetness of reposing,
I'm assaulted by such numbers,
As destroy the sweetest slumbers ;
Round and round my cranium singing,
Nose, and ears, and temples stinging,
Till I think no more of sleeping
Than a bridegroom would of weeping.
Thus a rose leaf, gnat, or feather,
Can our worldly comforts wither ;
And will vex, and fret, and fire us,
Unless patience sweet inspire us.
This can blunt the edge of teasing,
And make e'en affliction pleasing ;
With its mild and simple veto,
It can curb the fierce mosquito.

THE SALE OF SLAVES :

Written in consequence of the author's being at a public sale of furniture, in the Bermudas, at which also several negroes were put up at auction ; among whom was a sickly, pensive-looking young mulatto girl, who, in consequence of her indisposition, it was difficult to dispose of. She was sold for about forty pounds sterling ; a circumstance that induced the unfeeling auctioneer to say, She was not so dear as butchers' meat.

" Men from England bought and sold me,
 " Paid my price in paltry gold.
 " But though theirs, they have enroll'd me.
 " Minds are never to be sold.
 " Is there, as ye sometimes tell us,
 " Is there one who reigns on high ;
 " Has he bid you buy and sell us,
 " Speaking from his throne—the sky.'—Cowper.

WHITE man, cease thy vile remark,
 She to thee is near of kin ;
 Tho' her polish'd skin be dark,
 She has heaven's stamp within.

Did I say she was thy kin ?
 Will she think I herald right ?
 Thou canst boast a fairer skin,
 She a purer moral white.

Tho' she be a child of Ham,
 She's a child of Adam's race ;
 Marble man, O blush for shame !
 If a blush can stain thy face,

Can a man believe his creed ?
 At devotion's altar kneel ?
 Truth's immortal volume read,
 Yet his fellow creature steal.

But if this be deem'd too hold,
 Shall we traffic in our kind ;
 Purchase with ignoble gold,
 Beings with a deathless mind.

Ransom'd by the cross divine,
 Shall we buy a heir of bliss ?
 Steal, O God, a child of thine !
 O 'tis sacrilegious this !

Why condemn her woolley hair ?
 Why despise her sable skin ?
 Jet or ebony may bear
 Great Emmanuel's mind within,

Hast thou reason? so has she :
 Warm affection she can glow.*
 Dost thou weep at misery?
 She can drop the tear of woe.

Art thou rais'd above the brute,
 And of eloquence possesst?
 She is neither dumb nor mute,
 With the gift of speaking blest.

Hast thou an immortal mind?
 She has too a vital spark,
 For a nobler life design'd,
 Tho' her outward man be dark.

Yet with soft affections blest,
 Cast in an immortal mould;
 With the noblest gifts possesst,
 She is vilely bought and sold.

What a foe is man to man,
 Tygers are not half so fell;
 Name a demon, if you can,
 Who his guilt can parallel.

We have human rights withstood,
 Made the rational a brute,
 And the price of negro's blood
 Is our sugar, rum, and fruit.

Sweet our coffee, sweet our tea,
 Yet in bitterness of soul,
 Many a wretch has pin'd away
 To ameliorate the bowl.

Still we love the sparkling glass,
 Tho' it cost a negro groans
 But to Afric's woes, alas!
 We are obdurate as stones.

* The following heart-rending relation, by Mr. Gilgrass, will shew that blacks are possessed of strong affections. "A master of slaves, who lived near us in Kingston, Jamaica, exercised his barbarities on a sabbath morning, while we were worshipping God in the chapel; and the cries of the female sufferers have frequently interrupted us in our devotions. But there was no redress for them or for us. This man wanted money; and one of the female slaves having two fine children, he sold one of them, and the child was torn from her maternal affections. In the agony of her feelings, she made a hideous howling, and for that crime she was flogged. Soon after he sold her other child. This 'turned her heart within her,' and impelled her into a kind of madness. She howled night and day in the yard, tore her hair, ran up and down the streets and the parade, rending the heavens with her cries, and literally watering the earth with her tears. Her constant cry was, 'Da wicked Massa Jew, he sell me children. Will no buckra massa pity nega? What me do? Me no have one child.' As she stood before my window, she said: 'My massa, (lifting up her hands towards heaven) do me massa minister, pity me—me heart do so; (shaking herself violently) me heart do so, because me have no child. Me go a massa house, in massa yard, and in me hut, and me no see 'em;' and then her cry went up to God. 'I durst not be seen looking at her.'—Watson's Defence of the Wesleyan Methodist Missions, p. 26.

Whips, and chains, and scourges meet
 In a wealthy planter's creed ;
 Gulfs of fathomless deceit,
 In his smiles the angels read.

O base avarice of gold !
 Sorest curse beneath the sun ;
 Pen of seraph can't unfold
 Half the evils thou hast done.

Britons, we of justice boast,
 And the equal rights of men,
 Deem our island freedom's coast—
 Why is slavery suffer'd then ?

O omnipotence of love !
 Rise and crush the bellish trade ;
 Look in mercy from above,
 Send the injur'd negro aid.

Sooner may the ocean's tide
 Whelm each isle beneath the wave,
 Sooner than luxurious pride
 Buy her dainties with a slave.



THE PENSIVE MISSIONARY.

*Supposed to be written on an Island in the Western Ocean, when
 labouring under affliction, reproach, and ministerial
 disappointments.*

—

“ Here every drop of honey hides a sting ;
 “ Worms wind themselves into our sweetest flowers ;
 “ And even the joy that haply some poor heart
 “ Draws from heaven, pure as the fountain is,
 “ Is sullied in the stream, taking a taint
 “ From touch of human lips, at best impure.”—Cowper.

—

How often I wander and view
 The shores of this surf circled isle,
 Till the fall of the eventide dew,
 The negro returns from his toil ;
 I dwell on the picturesque scene,
 While sunset impurples the west,
 All nature is gay and serene,
 Then why is my bosom distress ?

The palms in the valleys are green,
The uplands with cedars are crown'd ;
The ocean is blue and serene,
The gardens with treasures abound.
So pure are the zephyrs that blow,
The skies of an azure so clear ;
I ask, can a feeling of woe
Find congeniality here ?

Yes, sorrow can visit the bowers
Of any fair palace on earth,
And wither its loveliest flowers,
And dry up each channel of mirth.
This life is a wilderness gloom,
Where flowers with brambles entwine
The rose-bud may die in the bloom,
And the grape become sour on the vine.

For here in this beautiful isle,
Where nature's perpetually gay,
And drest in her emerald smile,
" December is pleasant as May."'
Tho' clustres impurple the vines,
Tho' oranges beauty unfold,
The fig tree its treasure resigns,
And lemons flame vegetive gold.

Yet still the full heart is opprest ;
So roses in summer may die,
For anguish can torture the breast,
And sorrow can darken the eye.
The delicate music within,
The least disappointment may stop ;
Remove but a rivet or pin,
The wheels of our happiness drop.

Thus Jonah rejoic'd in his gourd,
That flourish'd a beautiful shed ;
Whose leaves did asylum afford,
To cool and to cover his head.
But a worm in the root could destroy
The flourishing sylvan saloon ;
So frail and evanescent joy,
'Tis a lustre akin to the moon.

Our hope is a delicate flower,
It bends to each furious blast,
And often we lose in an hour
What promis'd for ages to last.
When the heavens are calm and serene,
We fancy 'twill always be day ;
Till the whirlwinds and storms intervenc,
And sweep the bright prospects away.

PART SECOND.

How gaily serene was my mind,
Before these fair islands I knew ;
Each blessing that fancy could find,
Arose like an Eden in view.
I thought on the life-giving word,
My bosom caught fire with the theme ;
I thought, and I hop'd that my Lord
Would all the poor negros redeem.

But now disappointed, I weep ;
The prospect has vanish'd from sight,
Like the vivid illusions of sleep.
That glow on the landscape of night.
O gentle submission descend !
And bid these wild throbbings depart,
My will to each incident bend,
And whisper a calm thro' my heart.

I have left my dear country and kin,
To visit an alien soil,
Afflicted without and within,
The victim of labour and toil.
I have travers'd the billowy flood,
Its tempests assisted to brave,
To point to Emmanuel's blood
The creole and African slave.

But 'tis not for me to command
The prospect of brilliant success ;
The issues are all in his hand,
Who only is able to bless.
He bids the white lilies to rise,
The grass in the meadows to grow ;
Have mortals less worth in his eye ?
Or will he less care of them shew ?

I hear the poor African sigh ;
I see him, but cannot redress ;
The anguish that flows from his eye,
Whose cause I can easily guess.
I see him degraded as low
As rational life can descend,
The victim of health-wearing woe,
Without a protector or friend.

O ! could I but sweeten the rod
Of wretches in bondage oppress'd,
By leading the negro to God,
His balsam, his refuge, and rest,

I'd cheerfully welcome the cross,
The fool and the scorner defy,
Count health, ease, and character dross,
And meet persecution with joy.

For this I would all things forego ;
For this I would gladly explore
Each land of oppression and woe,
And see my lov'd country no more.
But here is the sorrow I feel,
That often I labour in vain ;
This wounds like a dagger of steel,
This, this is the essence of pain.

O let me not sink in despair,
Thou fountain of mercy divine !
The banner of murmuring rear,
Or set up my will against thine.
Thy goodness is wide as the sea ;
Thy wisdom unerring and pure ;
Thy grace is unbounded and free,
Thy truth is immutably sure.

Hence tho' each fair lustre may fade,
Of mortal ephemeral joys ;
And sparkle, then vanish in shade
As the rainbow in showery skies.
Yet piety, sweetly benign,
A star in the east ever glows ;
And cheers with a comfort divine,
The bosom bereav'd of repose.

To thy lovely refuge I fly,
As the desolate dove to the ark ;
For, oh, the fierce tempest is high,
And the night is both dismal and dark !
I rest on the promise divine,
A dawning Aurora appears ;
A pledge that my Saviour will shine,
And scatter my sorrows and fears.



GLORY IN REVERSION.

A HYMN.

“ There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest.”
Job 3. 17.

“ This lifts their head, and sweetens every pain :
“ In time they suffer, but in bliss they reign.”

THERE is a hope beyond the grave,
For all who know a Saviour's grace ;
There is across life's stormy wave,
For toiling saints a resting place.

A haven quiet, calm, serene.
Where never more shall billows roll ;
Nor stormy trials intervene,
Nor gusts of passion overwhelm the soul.

Friendship eternally shall last,
Without reserve, without alloy ;
And never shall the bitter blast
Of envy blight the buds of joy.

No longer is the slave oppressed,
The wicked lays aside his rod ;
The lowly suff'ring soul is blest
With peace, with paradise, and God.

For every warrior of the cross,
There is a crown of real joy ;
To reimburse the christian loss,
There is a treasure in the sky.

There is a river of delight,
Fast by the Lamb's cerulean throne ;
There is a robe of spotless white,
For virgin souls, and them alone.

There is a sun with holy ray,
To brighten all the realms above ;
There is a harp, there is a lay,
The triumphs of redeeming love.

There is a circle so refin'd,
Of social saints with friendship crown'd,
For ever one in heart and mind,
While ceaseless ages circle round.

There is a tree of knowledge bright,
That yields delicious fruit, and rare ;
There is a feast of pure delight,
Which every faithful soul shall share.

There is beatitude divine ;
To gladden and refine the soul,
A star that shall for ever shine,
While Jesus reigns or ages roll.

O fit me for that happy place !
O bring me where Emmanuel reigns !
Renew my heart by saving grace,
Then waft me to the blissful plains.



THE PREACHER'S WISH ; OR, MATERIALS FOR THE MINISTRY.

“ Covet earnestly the best gifts.” St. Paul.

“ I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
“ Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life,
“ Coincident : exhibit lucid prove,
“ That he is honest in the sacred cause :
“ To such I render more than mere respect,
“ Whose actions say that they respect themselves.”—Cowper.

A CONSCIENCE pure as Samoidas snows ;
A tender heart, alive to others' woes ;
A single eye, a meekly flaming zeal,
That glows unceasingly for Zion's weal.
A patient, even balanc'd mind serene,
Firm but forgiving, lowly but not mean ;
With love to God and man an unquench'd fire,
That burns by opposition still the higher.
A soul above debasing lust of gold ;
A breast to syren beauty chaste and cold :
With not one sneaking selfish end in me,
That man would blame, or seraphs blush to see.
Bold in my resolutions to decide,
Against the rich, when not on reason's side :
To all impartial, but a friend to those
Whose genuine worth the stamp of heaven shews.
Then to reprove with a becoming zeal,
And make the guilty melt, the stubborn feel ;
I humbly ask, 'tis rare to give reproof,
And bid poor meddling nature stand aloof ;

The pointed shaft, ere from the hand it move,
 Tip with the softness of a brother's love.
 I ask, O God, an independant mind,
 Unmov'd tho' slighted, resolute but kind;
 Fearless of man, whatever he assume,
 And calm, tho' on the margin of the tomb.
 To all these gifts, to constitute the score,
 My wishing muse would add a trio more;
 A sun-bright knowledge of the work of grace,
 And how the analogy of faith to trace,
 With all that depth in W....n we admire;
 All B....g's chasteness, and all N....n's fire;
 Ready to learn as others are to teach,
 Eager to supplicate as some to preach;
 As pious in the parlour, tho' 'tis rare,
 As if the pulpit were erected there.

EMIGRATION.

AN EPISTLE FROM LAKE ONTARIO.

June, 1814.

"I have seen the specious, vain Frenchman; the trucking, scrub Dutchman; the tame, low Dane; the sturdy, self righting Swede; the barbarous Russ; the turbulent Pole; the honest, dull German; the pay-fighting Swiss; the subtle, splendid Italian; the salacious Turk; the ever-lounging, warring Maltese; the piratical Moor; the proud, cruel Spaniard; the bigotted, base Portuguese; the dollar-loving, boasting American—and their countries: and hail again old England, my native land!"

"Readers! if Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, rejoice in the freedom that is the felicity of thy own country; and maintain it sacred to posterity."

Anonymous, from the *Panorama of England and Wales*, v. 1, p. 432.

"England, with all thy faults, I love thee still."—Cowper.

"Even now, perhaps, as here some pilgrim strays,
 "Thro' tangled forests, and thro' dangerous ways;
 "Where beast with man divided empire claim,
 "And the brown Indian marks with murderous aim;
 "Here, while above the giddy tempest flies,
 "And all around distressing yells arise,
 "The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
 "To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
 "Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
 "And bids his bosom sympathize with mine."—Goldsmith.

YOU ask, my worthy friend, shall I come o'er
 To spend my days on fair Columbia's shore;
 Forsake my native home, and cross the seas,
 To visit that vast world of lakes and trees:
 Where man is free to legislate or farm;
 No tax to fleece, no tyranny to harm;

But wealth, content, and true religion reign,
 While rivers roll their riches to the main;
 And equal rights uphold the solid plan,
 Nor gold, nor birth, can dignify the man;
 Talents and worth obtain the suffrage free,
 For all things are as all things ought to be.
 No parliaments to curb a subject's right;
 No lawless gang to press by day or night;
 No bigot creeds the freeborn mind to awe;
 No lords to warp, no kings to break the law,
 Or mock an injur'd subject's dearest claims.
 How blest you are with Thomas, John, and James :*
 Elective all—and may a shoeblack vote?
 On such a freedom-loving land I dote.
 And then, with all your happiness, they say
 You have no lazy parson's tithe to pay;
 Unfetter'd liberty of conscience reigns,
 To choose John Bull's religion or Tom Paine's.
 With wood so cheap, one need not pay a baker;
 And finest woodland but a pound an acre.
 O tell me, dearest friend, is all this true?
 They say so here: but I refer to you:
 You are upon the spot.—I am, my friend;
 And will an honest, candid answer send.

From this vast lake, which skirts Canada's shore,
 Where falls the Genessee with thundering roar
 Where swamps extend, and lazy rivers glide,
 And forests fringe Ontario's southern side,
 I sit beneath a scorching solar ray,
 That pours around insufferable day;
 Or roam the glade to catch a cooling breeze,
 The hot south-east wind hardly fans the trees.
 If in the deepest shade I seek retreat,
 From the still landscape's enervating heat,
 From every swamp the fierce mosquitoes rise,
 Dart on my neck, and buz about my eyes;
 Ten thousand thousand round and round me fly,
 And drive me back to meet the blazing sky.
 Nor am I better if I seek the inn,
 Where hot republicans drink fiery gin;
 No calm retreat the tavern can afford;
 No private bed-room, no exclusive board;
 I seek for neat convenience in vain,
 And plunge into the forest's shade again.

* Four of the American presidents—John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, and James Monroe.

† In the summer of 1814, the author, with his friend, Mr. Bakewell, of New York, visited Lake Ontario. It was their intention to have visited the celebrated Falls of Niagara; but when they got as far as W. Bloomfield, within about 70 miles of the cataract, they learned that they should have to pass through General Brown's army: hence they gave up their design, and descended the Genessee river, to its falls, and thence to Lake Ontario at the mouth of the Genessee.

Few sweets of polish'd life these woods provide,
 And yet they are not truly countrified.
 That rustic innocence which spreads a charm
 O'er the small cottage, and well cultur'd farm,
 And gives each tenant of the village green,
 The healthy aspect and the mind serene,
 Dwells not within these transatlantic shades,
 Where rudeness half the moral world pervades.
 And yet America is all our boast,
 The Yankee's pride, the politician's toast;
 The land where men oppressed seek repose;
 Where liberty's serenest planet glows.
 All this is fine, my friend; but were it true,
 I would not send a dark reverse to you.

Not that I blame the squatter's* smoky shed,
 Nor gloomy pines high waving o'er my head;
 The swampy path, mud creek, nor craggy ridge,
 Blaze-track, windfall, deep rut, nor pole-built bridge.
 Around each farm if half-burnt trees arise,
 If they're unsightly, I avert my eyes.
 Nor do I vent my British spleen, and frown,
 Tho' every group of huts be call'd a town;†
 A transatlantic town, with houses four,
 A court-house, news-room, whiskey-still, and store;
 And tavern, built of logs, where sots may swill
 The fiery poison of the whiskey-still.
 If woodland settlers shoals of lawyers need,
 To guard their rights, I fret not—they are fee'd.
 Roads pay'd with stumps and mud I will not curse,
 Tho' Mungo Park and Bruce ne'er travel'd worse.
 Hence, when vast logs each dismal swamp bestride,
 I'm calm—some love an electricit tide:
 Then let the coach-wheel jog from tree to tree,
 If they like jolting, what is that to me.
 'Tis thus I keep my temper, tho' my toil
 Such desert sameness never can beguile;
 Trees, forests, woods, a botanist may please,
 But who loves only forests, woods, and trees?
 Yet still along th' interminable shade
 I travel on, nor wood nor waste upbraid;
 But think how well, amidst these forests rude,
 A Zimmerman might write on solitude;
 Shades where eternal spleen and silence grow;
 Fitted alike for Nabal or Rosseau;
 Where mon, the misanthrope, might dwell,
 And hermits bid all social sweets farewell.

* A person who has no legal right to the land on which he squats down, or settles.

† I hope the Americans will forgive me this remark, which only the pompousness of calling a few straggling huts by such names as Homer, Manlius, Scipio, Marcellus, and Rome, could justify.

You next inquire, if 'midst Columbia's trees,
 Pure health or sickness mixes with the breeze;
 If men are vigorous; and if the rose
 On female cheeks, high flush'd with life-blood glows.
 A question, vitally important, I
 Shall now premise a suitable reply,*
 Can sultry suns on youth and vigour feed?
 Can putrid marshes yellow fevers breed?
 Can sullen woods, and wet savannahs make
 A thousand agues, round each inland lake?
 And this be wholesome, this increase the fire
 Of vital health, and make it burn the higher.
 Or if extremes of heat and coldness join,
 And whirl you from Siberia to the line,
 Give man and woman both a sickly hue,
 And leave the bloom of florid cheeks to few.
 If even now amid this sultry glow,
 I shiver if a smart north-wester blow,
 Do I assert the clime's unwholesome, sir?
 I state the fact, the sequel you infer.

With all respect to men of other views,
 This is not the meridian I would choose;
 Not that buck barley fritters I despise,
 Nor bacon strong, hoe cakes, and pumpkin pies.
 A smoky chimney I might hope to cure,
 And even bed bugs for a time endure.
 Ere long perhaps the forest's silent gloom,
 May see a second Athens, Thebes, or Rome;
 Each sick y exhalation vanish'd far,
 A purer clime may greet th' Hesperian star.
 'Tis not, however, these defects I blame,
 But man's *anomalies*, that want a name;
 A cold, ignoble, democratic pride.
 Can set each foreign excellence aside,
 And in the fustian of each vain pretence,
 Break every modest bound of sober sense;
 Puffing each trifle in your wond'ring ear,
 To make the toad a mammoth ox appear,

* The reader will easily perceive, that I have not bestowed much of the limæ labor on this epistle. It is chiefly (with the alteration of a few words and sentences) in the same state in which it was originally hastily written. I might polish it; but as it never was intended for a finished production, but only to convey my views in plain verse, I shall give it as it is.

† Alluding to the American faculty of swelling every thing exclusively their own; thus, mammoth ox, mammoth turtle, &c. In a word, whatever belongs to United America must, by every reason human and divine, excel the same article of all other countries. The author would not be understood as blaming the Americans for patriotism; *cara patria* is the language of all good men, and is rather a virtue than a fault; but there is a respect due to truth, to reason, and to candour. I love my own, and I wish well to all other countries, is the language of a noble mind. Now it is the want of this which throws into shade the virtues of American republicans. That exclusive assumption of excellence, which we cannot grant, compels us to view in a less favourable light the men who arrogate it.

"Ours is the happy land, and ours alone,
 "And science, freedom, arts, are all our own."
 But stop, what's England?—"England is a nest
 "Of tyrants and of sycophants at best;
 "And down the British Bablon must fall,
 "As sure as China built the Patar wall."
 Now this is fulsome, and must make one sick,
 As when a bauble charms the schoolboy Dick;
 Who turns to wonderment the silly toy,
 But still we smile, for Dick is but a boy.

Suppose by many a rapid tempest tost,
 All safe, all well, the vast Atlantic crost;
 A yellow fever thy arrival greet,
 Call hence thy wife, thy air-built plans defeat,
 And leave thee on an alien shore alone,
 To wish no wave between thee and thine own;
 To weep thy lot, a stranger and forlorn,
 The poor man's pity and the proud man's scorn.
 Or if arriv'd in safety, do not smile,
 'Tis but the threshold of thy future toil;
 Five hundred miles. (nay, prithee, do not fret)
 *A thousand miles remain to travel yet,
 Of forests dreary, crost with many a sigh,
 By thee, with England's beauties in thine eye;
 Ere thou canst find an eligible spot,
 To clear for culture, and to build a cot.

* While I was transcribing this epistle for the press, I met with the following advertisement in one of the papers. It will shew at least that my sentiments are not mere poetica licentia, but the sober dictates of truth, and matter of fact.

EMIGRATION.

"Boston, July 4, 1817.—The rage of emigration from Europe to this country prevails to such a degree, that every ship which arrives is crowded with emigrants, who on their arrival are half starved. Among those last arrived, the most are Swiss, Wurtembergers, and Palatines. Last week there arrived here four ships from Holland with 3250 Swiss on board, from the cantons of Basle and Zurich, who were in the most wretched condition. In New York there are above 16 000 of such emigrants, Irish, Scotch, and Germans, in a more lamentable condition than that of the lazaroni at Naples. Great soup cellars are opened, in order at least to protect these poor wretches against famine. In concert with many of the most respectable men in this city, I request you, gentlemen, to make known in one of the Vienna journals the true situation of these deluded emigrants, as it appears the most erroneous ideas prevail in Europe respecting the state of things in America. The whole American coast, from the River St. Lawrence to the Mississippi is very populous, and the country well peopled and cultivated to the extent of from 500 to 2000 miles from the sea coast. What is called Emigrants' Land lies at the distance of 3000 English miles from any of the Atlantic provinces, and the journey thither must be made on foot. America has no need of artisans and mechanics, for all manufactured goods are imported cheaper than they can be manufactured in the country. The warehouses in the American cities are filled with English goods, which are sold at any price. Provisions are four times as dear in America as in Germany: I pay thirteen dollars per week for my table. To all this must be added, that during the rigorous winter season, which last here in general from seven to eight months, there is no employment whatever for the labouring poor."—*Austrian Observer*, of September 14.

Admit you settled in this happy land,
 Where all is rudely wild, severely grand,
 Woods, rivers, lakes, on nature's largest plan,
 The mansion noble, but the tenant man
 A crabbed politician, proud and rude,
 The child of nature, in her sourest mood ;
 Who feels for Britain's populace and shore.
 Love such as Cain to upright Abel bore ;
 In pure essential envy at her weal,
 Reviles her with a papist's fiery zeal ;
 And could he wield Jove's thunderbolts, would fix
 Her lasting fate in Erebus or Styx !
 If you can symbolize with men like these,
 Who live embosom'd in a wild of trees ;
 Come to this sylvan world, this vast retreat,
 * To fell the pine tree, and to raise buck wheat ;
 To drink pure poison, from the whisky still,
 And teach thy foodful grain the art to kill.
 Come to these sickly swamps and sultry woods,
 To rivers, rapids, cataracts, and floods ;
 Come build a cottage at yon pine tree foot,
 A two days journey from thy neighbour's hut ;
 Enjoy the bliss for which a poet pray'd, †
 " A boundless contiguity of shade ;"
 A lodge in these vast forests of the west,
 Where thou mayest live unknown, and die unblest.

* People in England have but few just conceptions of the difficulties many surmount who emigrate to America, before they are comfortably settled. Cultivating forest land is a vast, an herculean undertaking. Drop a man in the midst of a solitary wilderness, and then tell him to cut down these vast pines which surround him, build a hut with their ponderous trunks, clear a spot of land for cultivation ; say to him, here plant your potatoes, there sow your buck wheat, in this sheltered spot make your garden, in that your orchard, and you have marked out a scene of labours that requires the arm of a hercules and the patience of a patriarch.

† O for a lodge in some vast wilderness !
 Some boundless contiguity of shade !—Cowper.



The reader will pardon the following ludicrous piece : the language is the very same the author has heard some slave-holders use ; particularly with regard to their real, or pretended opinion, that preaching to the blacks encourages sedition and rebellion, and that if some method be not adopted to put a stop to it, things will issue in a second St. Domingo insurrection. For the terms in which the author has made the parties speak of the preachers, he is justified both from what he himself has heard, and also from the contemptuous manner in which the missionaries have been spoken of in several West India documents, particularly those of the Jamaica House of Assembly. For the fact in the following lines he can answer, although he has reasons for not being more explicit. In the coarseness of some of the terms, the author has but imperfectly delineated the profaneness of some advocates of slavery ; and he thinks that neither a judge nor a witness defiles himself, by expressing what a criminal has done or said : Candour will not condemn him for putting the sentiments of oppressors in their own language.

THE CONVERTED MULATTOES ;

OR, ENRAGED JUNTO.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A JUDGE, A COLONEL, AND A PLANTER.

" Father of mercies befriend the opprest at the voice of thy gospel of peace,
 " May the sorrows of Africa cease ;
 " And the slave and his master devoutly unite,
 " To walk in thy freedom, and dwell in thy light. —Montgomery.

SAYS the judge to the colonel, who met him one day,
 " The methodist dogs get our lasses away ;
 " Our lovely mulattoes with sweet jetty faces,
 " Will all be undone by their canting grimaces.
 " Yesterday my slave Molly, sigh'd sadly, upbraiding
 " Her conduct and mine, for the life she was leading ;
 " She blubber'd and whim'd about stuff and hell torment !
 " I swore she was crazy, and wish'd she was dormant.
 " So I went to the parson and told him right roundly,
 " If he preach'd any more so, I'd drub him most soundly ;
 " But he, like a canning-knave, told me he'd do it.
 " I shook my cane at him, sirrah, rascal, you'll rue it.
 " And now, my dear colonel, some methods let's fall on,
 " As this raving fanatic, will wheedle, and bawl on,
 " Will rob us of all our mulattoes, I swear it,
 " But confound the vile babbles, there's no man can bear it.
 " I'll go to old H....p, and tell him forsooth,
 " For they say he has still a most liquorish tooth ;
 " To watch his mulattoes, it has been asserted,
 " They'll slip thro' his fingers, and all get converted.
 " Converted to raving fanatics, by jingo,
 " And then we shall witness a second Domingo !
 " This preaching to negroes—why sir, they'll get wise thus,
 " And then, the black varlets, will quickly dispise us.



Hope forsaking the dying Sinner.

THE GLOOM OF THE GRAVE; OR, THE DEATH BED OF THE WICKED.

"If death were nothing and nought after death;
 "If when men die at once they cease to be,
 "Returning to the barren womb of nothing,
 "Whence first they sprung, then might the debauchee
 "Untrembling mouth the heavens: Then might the drunkard
 "Reel over his full bowl, and when 'tis drain'd,
 "Fill up another to the brim, and laugh
 "At the poor bugbear death; but if there's an hereafter,
 "And that there is, conscience uninfluenced speaks,
 "Then must it be an awful thing to die."—Blair.

HE goes at last! the final hour is near,
 To him the hour of agony and fear,
 Harrassing doubts, his struggling soul assail;
 And hope throws nothing in the adverse scale,
 Nothing to keep the sinking spirit up,
 While drinking the last wormwood tinctur'd cup.
 Conscience presents an awful scrawl of sin,
 And hell in miniature is felt within.
 In quest of hope, should he on life look back,
 Each page is blotted,—every lane and track
 Is mark'd with follies, piety would shun;
 Nor will a single section bear the sun.
 Wildly around, his haggard eye-balls roll,
 And speak the anguish, pent within his soul.
 He reads the dismal writing on the wall,
 And feels more wretched than forsaken Saul.
 O this is woe, the keenest woe indeed!
 Enough to make a marble statue bleed;
 No rays of cheering penitence beguile
 His pangs, while shuffling off the mortal coil.
 See on his face, the clammy sweats of death,
 His tongue is palsy stricken, and his breath
 With rapid rattlings more uneasy grows,
 And brings the fatal drama to a close.
 Nor can the friends who round his pillow wait,
 Beguile his anguish, or avert his fate;
 They watch with cruel fear, and deep suspence,
 The last sad horrors of his exit hence.
 Once he thought hell a fable: now the case
 Is alter'd, he has vision of the place:
 Hence though the frame is agoniz'd with pain,
 The soul would fain within her tent remain.
 But ah! the die is cast, she cannot stay!
 Down falls each pillar of the house of clay;

She must another residence provide,
 For borne along life's swiftly ebbing tide,
 And forc'd to sea, by a tremendous gale,
 Without a compass, anchor, helm, or sail;
 Far distant from the beatific shore,
 She sinks in dismal waves to rise no more.

Nor is it better with the wretch who dies
 In stupid apathy, the dupe of lies:
 A faithless priest, or Syren friend may tell
 The unblest dying sinner, all his well.
 With anodynes, the drowsy conscience lull,
 With soothing lies, the cheated judgment gull;
 May help him thro' death's gloomy vale to grope,
 By the false light of a delusive hope;
 Till down he sinks, into a fiery pool,
 Which seas of fruitless tears can never cool.

Ungodly sceptics may refuse assent
 To sacred truth, till life's last wick is spent;
 May riotously live, and when they die
 Draw courage from despair to vouch the lie:
 Till justice struggle from the hold of grace,
 And snatch from pity's hand, the fiery mace;
 Arrest the rebel, and demand his due,
 Alas! they now believe, and tremble too:
 Convinc'd by torturing evidence and light,
 Perdition has made many a proselyte.

Yon brainless rake, with supercilious air,
 May laugh at hell, and wish all priestcraft there
 May tip his shafts with blasphemy and wit,
 And twist and ridicule, God's holy writ:
 So did Voltaire, but when his death drew near,
 The hoary sceptic, harrow'd up with fear;
 Would fain have been a christian at the last,
 But ah! too late, the fatal die was cast!



COLONIAL COURTESY ;

OR, A PRISON FOR PREACHING THE GOSPEL :

Lines written on the name of John Stephenson being cut in the floor of the prison of St. George, Somers Islands, where he was imprisoned six months for the sole crime of preaching the gospel to poor negroes, in the summer of 1801.
—See the author's ' Narrative,' p. 127.

“ That man should thus enroach on fellow man,
 “ Abridge him of his just and native rights,
 “ Eradicate him, tear him from his hold ;
 “ Upon the endearments of domestic life
 “ And social, nip his fruitfulness and use,
 “ And doom him (for perhaps a noble deed)
 “ To barrenness, and solitude, and tears,
 “ Moves indignation ; makes the name of laws
 “ (Of laws which only petty tyrants make)
 “ As dreadful as the Manichean god,
 “ Ador'd through fear, strong only to destroy.”—Task.

How dark a text is mystic providence,
 But few can spell the words or know the sense ;
 Blind chance appears the unseen hand to guide,
 And all appears irregular and wide
 Of holy wisdom's never erring lines ;
 Where spotless rectitude serenely shines.
 Along the maze of life we feebly grope,
 By the faint glim'ring light of faith and hope :
 Time is a riddle man can ne'er explain,
 Till vast eternity begins its reign.
 For see mad riot roll in coach and four,
 The rifled orphan begging at his door.
 Here blooming virtue finds an early grave,
 There crowds admire a rich and hoary knave.
 Pride lifts aloft her overwhelming crest,
 Folly struts on in silks and diamonds drest ;
 Aloof see Virtue pine, see Worth in rags,
 And mark yon miser starving o'er his bags.
 Yet still Jehovah reigns, thy will resign,
 Enter his courts, and own the plan divine.
 'Tis he permits the wicked man to rule,
 And makes the wise but second to a fool ;
 Makes worthless Dives prosperous and rich,
 And hides his darling Lazarus in a ditch ;
 Allows the malice of ungodly men,
 To plunge his Daniel in a lion's den ;
 Permits, O death, within a prison's gloom,
 His own precursor's blood recorded doom.
 If haughty demagogues oppress the just,
 And trample truth and virtue 'neath the dust

If fiery bigots persecute and rail,
 Or drag the good man to a loathsome jail ;
 Make power a law to gratify their spleen,
 Then talk of justice villany to screen.
 Thro' every curve of life's intricate maze,
 God turns the wrath of mortals to his praise.
 They make the gibbet, and they swing at last ;
 They spread the net, and lo their feet are fast ;
 They bid the lions roar, the furnace glare,
 And the flame burns them, or the lions tear.
 God thro' a desert leads his chosen flock,
 O'er many a thorny path and rugged rock ;
 Where sight and sense could smallest reason find,
 To trust the truth of his immortal mind.
 Yet still he moves in majesty to bless,
 And spreads a table in the wilderness.
 Be therefore calm, ye pious, in your lot,
 Celestial equity is not forgot ;
 Who meekly suffer in a righteous cause,
 God will preserve, tho' in the lion's jaws,
 And bring them by his miracles of grace
 Thro' fire and floods into the wealthy place.
 This truth much injur'd Stephenson confess,
 His jail and lawless sufferings told the rest ;
 Methinks I see th' imprison'd veteran lie,
 Peace in his heart but sorrow in his eye,
 A tear would now and then unheeded flow,
 And thus he sung and triumph'd over woe !

I am happy, I am blest,
 And my goal an Eden is ;
 Jesus is my prison guest,
 'Tis the vestibule of bliss.

In my solitary gloom,
 I have joys that never can,
 For a moment, live and bloom
 In the breast of bigot man.

None can take my peace away,
 I have heaven in my soul ;
 While I sing, and muse, and pray,
 Sweetly swift the moments roll.

In my solitary room,
 This delights me, this can cheer,
 To a palace turns the gloom,
 'Tis for Jesus I am here.

Persecute ye cruel men,
 Minds ye never can subdue ;
 Tho' my body's in a den,
 I am more at large than you.

Ye revile, but Jesus blesses,
 Ye may frown, but He approves me :
 Ye may hate, my Lord caresses,
 Ye may strike, but Jesus loves me.

The den of thieves became a house of prayer,
 While God's much-injur'd minister was there ;
 And songs of praise thro' all the prison rung,
 For many a hymn of praise to God he sung.
 Full oft to blacks the gospel he declar'd,
 Thro' a small gloomy window iron-bar'd ;
 While day by day his prison to beguile,
 And teach the joyless solitude to smile,
 The deep cut letters one by one arose,
 'That give the short plain record of his woes.

John Stephenson, Methodist Missionary, was confined in this prison six months, for preaching the gospel to poor negroes, June 1801.

Each word, each letter speaks, it seems to say,
 That bigot christians rul'd with pagan sway ;
 Made penal codes t'eclipse the gospel light,
 Lest sightless men should see and hate the night.
 Lest abject slaves degraded to the dust,
 Should hate their master's avarice and lust.
 Lest misery should feel there is a charm
 In gospel truth, all sorrow to disarm.
 Lest fell oppression seem as vile a thing,
 As the black poison of a dragon's sting.
 Lest cruelty should loose its power to bind,
 In chains of ignorance, the free-born mind.
 Lest slavery with all its store of chains,
 Should draw less sweat and blood from Afric's veins.
 Lest men be mild, compassionate and brave,
 Lest true religion should exalt a slave !
 He was imprison'd in this filthy jail,
 Without or pity, mainprise, grace, or bail.
 Had he a maid of peace and fame bereft !
 Plung'd deep in treason, perjury, or theft ;
 Was he blood-guilty, (murder is a sin,
 That leaves a deep and lasting stain within)
 There had been reason for his thralldom here,
 But of such crimes our mission priest was clear.
 He preach'd atoning love to negro slaves,
 He told the lost redeeming mercy saves,
 He bid the dying African to live,
 And crimes like these oppressors ne'er forgive.



A DIALOGUE,

*Between an honest benevolent Englishman and a
Creole Planter,*

ON THE SUBJECT OF SLAVERY.

“ I would not have a slave to till my ground,
“ To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
“ And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
“ That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.
“ I had much rather be myself the slave,
“ And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.”—Cowper,

ENGLISHMAN.

BECAUSE their polish'd skin is black as coal,
Have negroes, think you, no immortal soul;
Do woolly hair, white teeth, and flatted noses,
Prove them as soulless as my friend supposes?

CREOLE.

If they've a soul because a human shape,
Why do you then deny it to an ape,
Or orang outang? he's as much a man
As many thousands of the negro clan.
But soul or not, with us is arrant *fudge*,
We do not buy the soul, we buy the drudge;
Who might for any thing we want or care,
That doubtful, nondescriptive something spare.

ENGLISHMAN.

If they are bought and sold at every mart,
As beasts of toil, have they no better part;
'Tis avarice and pride alone have made
The selling human flesh a legal trade.
Hence if a qualm should murmur from within,
And inhumanity appear a sin,
'Tis answered with an argument as fell
As ever issued from the lowest bell;
They are but cattle born to drudge for gain,
To boil the sugar, and to hoe the cane;
We set their immortality aside,
To gloss our base cupidity and pride;
And as we live unconscious of this gem,
Our haughty thoughts will not allow it them.

CREOLE.

Friend, you are very warm, but we can guess,
Had you black slaves your choler would be less;

Slaves are 'ith Bible spoken of as curst
 By Deity himself, from last to first;
 "A slave of servants," scripture so decreed,
 Shall Canaan be and all his sable breed.
 The Hebrews bought and sold them just like cattle,
 And all were slaves they took in every battle.
 The Greeks and Romans were renown'd and brave,
 Yet Cato,* Plutarch says, had many a slave,
 Besides can any good be found within,
 A slave has satan's mark upon his skin.

ENGLISHMAN.

Injurious man, why sable skins disdain?
 A cask of ebony may pearls contain.
 If Hebrews had their slaves, the jubilee,
 Whene'er it came, set all the captives free.
 "And he that stole and sold a fellow man,"
 Was put to death—deny it if you can.
 Then as to Cato, let old Rome alone,
 Shall we by Ethnic morals shape our own;
 Where the bright gospel shines, shall we assume
 As models, heathen Greece and pagan Rome?
 Are slaves not made in God's bright image, say?
 Cast in a kindred mould, of the same clay
 As thee and other men? then why contest
 The spark divine, that glows within their breast.
 If the immortal limner ting'd thee white,
 And made him black as ebony or night,
 A skin of purest ivory or jet
 Is no true test of heaven's love or hate.
 A negro's heart may be as white and fair†
 As polar snows, or cherubs, garments are;

* See Plutarch's Lives, edition 1795, v. 2. p. 510. Cato always sold his sick and superannuated slaves. He gives it as a standing precept to a master visiting his farm, to sell his oxen, old waggons, old tools, old and afflicted servants, and every thing else that became useless. 'Vendat boves vetulos, plaustrum vetus, feramenta vetera, servum senem, servum morbosum, et se quid aliud supersit vendat.' Cato de rustica, c. 2.—Upon which the benevolent Plutarch makes the following remarks: "For my part, I cannot but charge his using his servants like so many beasts of burthen, and turning them off, or selling them, when grown old, to the account of a mean and ungenerous spirit, which thinks that the sole tie between man and man is interest or necessity. But goodness moves in a larger sphere than justice: the obligations of law and equity reach only to mankind, but kindness and beneficence should be extended to creatures of every species, and these still flow from the breast of a well natured man, as streams that flow from a living fountain. A good man will take care of his horses and dogs, not only while they are young, but when old and past service." This is a sentiment worthy of an honest and virtuous heathen; but with regard to the morality of old Cato, it may suit a West India Planter, but it has little worthy of imitation.

† The following little anecdote serves to shew that even negroes feel a just sense of the moral difference betwixt man and man; "ah, massce!" said an intelligent negro, "a good negro be like a chesnut, all white within, and a bad Englishman be beautiful apple, with many little black grains at heart." Reader, art thou this beautiful apple? or art thou made white in the blood of the Lamb!

While thine defil'd as hell, and stain'd within,
 Belies the lily whiteness of thy skin ;
 And God, who looks within, alone can know
 Whose black as ink or white as virgin snow.
 Weak minds deprav'd are partial in their view,
 And only mind the body's state or hue ;
 If comely, opulent, well shap'd, well drest,
 'Tis all they care about, or praise—the rest ;
 Tho' half a Lucifer and half a clown,
 With such brave sauce, alas ! the whole goes down.
 'Tis not the precious soul, th' immortal gem,
 The outward casket only pleases them ;
 The slave, alas ! is sable, poor, forlorn,
 A victim hence of pity, hate, and scorn.

CREOLE.

Sir, you have made a preachment very clever,
 But still I am more unconvinc'd than ever ;
 Slaves have no intellect, a servile race,
 Their minds are more degraded than their face ;
 They lie and steal, are lazy as a drone,
 And mind no other interest but their own ;
 From every tie of gratitude they slip,
 Dead to all human motives but a whip.
 Look at their native country, you mayhap,
 Acknowledge 'tis a blank on nature's map.
 You freedom-loving souls may change your notes,
 When they shall rise in mass, and cut our throats ;
 The least indulgence puffs them up with pride,
 And if we free them, then we're all destroy'd.

ENGLISHMAN.

Tell me, good planter, is not this a plea,
 To gloss the crime of brutal cruelty ?
 Whate'er they are, 'tis slavery made them so,
 'Tis a degrading system all men know ;
 " Jove fix'd it certain, that whatever day
 " Man makes a slave, takes half his worth away."
 Admit a negro's intellect a jest,
 His inward, like his outward man deprest ;
 Admit him lowest of the human kind,
 In body, rank, capacity, and mind ;
 Yet this position you will grant at least,
 We owe compassion to the meanest beast,
 Our very brutes, our dogs, and horses share
 Some portion of our sympathy and care ;
 And shall a fellow-man, enslav'd, distrest,
 Be less esteem'd, regarded, and cared ?

CREOLE.

We can esteem a negro in his place,
 As one whom nature casts off in disgrace ;

But when we see a set of canting knaves,
 Exalt and canonize degraded slaves;
 And stuff them with hypocrisy and pride,
 'Bout faith, and grace, and cross, and crucified,
 And freedom, and equality, with whites,
 Inherent liberty and equal rights;
 We hate the impudent fanatic dog,
 And every slave that follows him we flog.

ENGLISHMAN.

Perhaps, vain mortal, 'tis thy erring pride,
 That sets a black man's moral worth aside;
 Or else thy fears deny his future state,
 Lest thou should'st meet thy slave at heaven's gate.
 Ah! sad reverse, thou can'st not bear the thought,
 That one so basely sold, so cheaply bought,
 Should be admitted to that world of bliss,
 Which possibly his haughty lord may miss.
 Mayhap thy doubts suggest a judgment seat,
 When thou thy lacerated slaves may'st meet,
 Before a judge inexorably just,
 To answer for thy cruelty and lust.
 What if thy injur'd negroes there appear,
 Whiter than snow drops on the early year,
 Not whipp'd and ti'd, not brutaliz'd and sold,
 A starry diadem their heads infold;
 And purest robes of dazzling light invest
 The pious African by thee oppress'd;
 Whips, famine, burning suns, and toiling hoes,
 The vanish'd relics of their former woes;
 Are past as ancient things for all is new,
 And boundless glory opens to their view.
 No longer lash'd along the burning soil,
 No longer dragg'd to misery and toil,
 No longer sold as human merchandise,
 To weep, and work, and sweat for pamper'd vice,
 They rest in quiet, they are free at last;
 Their time of bliss is come, th' oppressors past.
 But planter, not to thee their thanks are due,
 Nor thy inhuman negro driving crew;
 Thou hast oppos'd this bliss with hellish spite,
 Thou hast refus'd the negro sacred light;
 Thou hast, to prove intelligence a clod,
 Denied the Africans access to God;
 Repress'd each anxious wish, their hearts might feel,
 For present comfort, and celestial weal,
 And made, as pride or avarice rul'd thy breast,
 Thy slave a clod, machine, or brute at best.
 'Twas Coke, the man of God, the friend of man,
 On the blest godlike errand nobly ran;
 He felt a brother thus deprest to see,
 He felt and said, the negro shall be free;

With such a liberty as God supplies,
 Freedom divine, the freedom of the skies.
 He crost the western waves with words of grace,
 To cheer these outcasts of the human race ;
 Display the balm of heaven's immortal love,
 And point from tyrants here to God above.



SLEEP.

A NIGHT THOUGHT.



“Tir'd nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep.”—Young.

“Sleep hab no massa.” The reply of a negro to one who said, Wake, massa calls,



BALMY slumber, sweet repose,
 Ere my drowsy eyelids close ;
 Ere I lay me down to rest,
 Ere the downy couch be prest ;
 While the stars are twinkling bright,
 While the moon-beam cheers the night,
 And the dews fall thick and damp
 On the black's palmeto camp ;
 While the heaven-aspiring trees
 Rustle with the drowsy breeze,
 And the watch-dog's bark I hear,
 Falling distant on my ear ;
 Ere she bids the world good night,
 Let my muse indulge a flight ;
 One amusing vigil keep,
 In the vestibule of sleep.

Soft oblivion of sorrow,
 Fair precursor of to-morrow,
 Thou art labour's sweet respite :
 Welcome are the shades of night ;
 Welcome in thy sable robe,
 To one half the weary globe,
 Welcome to the peasant's shed,
 And the drudging porter's bed ;
 Here the weary is at rest,
 Here the pining heart is blest ;
 Landscapes of serene delight
 Beautify the map of night,
 And imagination flies
 Thro' the florid earth and skies ;

Dips her pinions in the bow,
 Shivers on a wild of snow,
 On the whirlwind's car she glides,
 Dashes thro' the surging tides ;
 Visits countries never run
 By the giant racer sun ;
 Countries wild, remote, and deep,
 In the airy realms sleep ;
 All unreal things arise,
 Pass in vision 'fore the eyes,
 Silver springs, and golden groves,
 Where ideal beauty roves,
 Then among the stars she sits,
 Or upon a moon beam flits,
 Thro' the airy wilds of space,
 Sees the comets run their race.
 Next descending thro' the tomb,
 'To the unseen world of gloom ;
 Sad unearthly beings glare,
 Ghastly thro' the murky air ;
 Pale as ashes, still as when
 Midnight visits highland glen ;
 Till bright reason's dawning ray,
 Drives th' æriel sprites away ;
 And the vigils purg'd from sleep,
 Sees the light thro' curtains peep.

Gentle sleep, around me close
 Thy soft curtains of repose ;
 Shut the world from all my senses,
 Till the morn its light dispenses.
 Come thou sweet refreshing maid,
 Guardian of the midnight shade ;
 Come and each excitement tame,
 Renovate my weary frame ;
 Each exhausted pulse return,
 Bid the flame of vigour burn,
 Make the mental action bright,
 Fresh as morning, free as light.
 Image of the quiet grave.
 Here the toil degraded slave,
 Jaded in the burning soil,
 Feels a respite from his toil.
 In his wigwam on the ground,
 Sleeps the Indian hunter sound,
 By his faithful dog and gun,
 For the toilsome hunt is done.
 Gently sinking to repose,
 Sorrow's weary eye-lids close ;
 Here pale sickness finds relief,
 And the heart forgets its grief ;

Sleep within thy sacred charge,
 The imprison'd walk at large,
 And the manumitted swain,
 Roves thro' nature's vast domain.
 Poverty in thee is rich,
 Tho' he slumber in a ditch :
 While the vet'ran in his camp,
 Snoring on the rushes damp,
 Puts before the morning light,
 Every hostile band to flight.
 The rough seaman far from home,
 Dashing thro' the roaring foam ;
 On the wide wave-swelling sea,
 Finds a quiet port in thee ;
 Lays him down with jacket wet,
 Every danger to forget,
 And in sweet oblivion lies,
 Till the watch is call'd to rise.



NEGROES IN HEAVEN.

“ Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hand to God.”—Psalm. 68. 31.

“ After this I beheld, and lo a great multitude, which no man could number of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands.”

Rev. 7. 9.

“ And the nations of them that are saved, shall walk in the light of it.”

Rev. 21. 24.

AH ! why should a white man despise
 A brother of African race ;
 His colour and choler arise,
 If negroes but enter the place ?
 Will God undervalue them so,
 Sure there will be negroes above ;
 More white than the fresh fallen snow,
 And clothed in beauty and love.

All hateful distinctions are gone,
 The Hebrew and Gentile unite ;
 The captive and freeman are one,
 The black is belov'd by the white.
 In love the redeemed shall dwell,
 In fellowship Jesus adore ;
 Pale Discord is banish'd to hell,
 And never shall trouble them more.

If built on Christ's merits alone,
 If robes of salvation they wear,
 The natives of every zone
 Shall meet in a centre point there ;
 Europa its millions shall pour ;
 Thy forests America vie
 With Asia, and Africa's shore,
 To people the mansions on high.



LINE

On the much-lamented Death of

THE REVEREND THOMAS COKE, L. L. D.

Who died on his Passage to Ceylon,

WHERE HE WAS ABOUT TO ESTABLISH A MISSION.

“ Sunk tho’ he be beneath the wat’ry floor;—
 “ So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
 “ And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 “ And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore,
 “ Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :
 “ So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
 “ Thro’ the dear might of him that walk’d the waves,
 “ Where other groves and other streams along,
 “ With nectar pore his oozy locks he laves,
 “ And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
 “ In the blest kingdoms meek of Joy and Love.
 “ There entertain him all the saints above,
 “ In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
 “ That sing, and singing in their glory move,
 “ And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.”—Milton’s Lycidas.

O MUSE! if thou hast ever shed a tear
 For worth departed, grief demands it here ;
 Take from the willow thy neglected lyre,
 And let it softest sympathy inspire ;
 Plant the dark cypress round the funeral urn ;—
 The gen’rous COKE has pass’d life’s utmost bourn :
 From toils that never ceas’d, and cares that prest,
 The LAMB has call’d his faithful soul to rest.

Herald of grace ! thy chequer’d path is past,
 And thou hast gain’d the laurel-crown at last !
 Thou dost behold in glory’s blissful sphere,
 The bright result of all thy labours here ;
 Ten thousand negroes white as polar snow,
 Shine like the stars.—by Thee reclaim’d below ;

Who hail thee, bless thee, round thy spirit throng,
And, at thy coming, raise the choral song.

And shall we think thy exit premature?
From evil freed, of deathless glory sure;
If love, unwearied zeal, and ardent pray'r,
For heav'n's unfading bliss, the soul prepare,
Sure thou wast ripe for an immortal state;
And mercy open'd hastily the gate
Of life eternal,—bade thy spirit rise
From stormy billows to serenest skies.
Hail holy Pastor! thou hast gain'd the beach
Where storms can never roll, nor trouble reach,
Nor friendship slight, nor cruel slander stain,
Nor demons vex, nor sordid mortals pain.

Thy worth, O COKE! our bleeding souls revere;
Frank, open, cheerful, candid, and sincere;
In thee, the polish'd man and scholar shone,
And holy ardour made thy breast her throne.
Too firm of soul at danger's cry to stoop,
"Thou wast not pleasure's slave, nor mammon's dupe."
In youth, in manhood, and in age, the same,
To spread the bleeding cross, thy constant aim,

Active and diligent at duty's call,
He wish'd to bless, for he was friend to all;
The stormy dangers of the western waves,
His gen'rous, fearless mind, serenely braves;
"No furious storms his steady purpose broke,
"Firm as the beaten anvil to the stroke:"
A bright example sanctify'd his zeal,
For what he others taught—himself could feel:
And ne'er allow'd the supercilious elf
To sneer, and say, "Physician heal thyself."
He knew to write and preach, to fight and build;
To form the plan, and raise the house, was skill'd;
He scal'd the wall, or bravely storm'd the breach;
As prompt to practise virtue as to preach.
A warm and friendly heart was all his own,
And this for lesser faults might well atone;
For faults he had, but they were such as made
No blot upon the picture,—but a shade.
That he was sanguine, cannot be denied,
"But e'en this failing lean'd to virtue's side:"
A man immaculate we never knew,
Coke had his foibles,*—but they were few.

* That this holy man had his failings we will not pretend to deny, but they were such as arose from greatness of soul: let those who look at his bird's-eye errors through the microscope of severity tell us,—Where is the man in the present age, who has done as much for the cause of God as Thomas Coke?—who has travelled more miles?—who has oftener crossed the Atlantic Ocean, to carry the light of salvation to the western world?—who has, with such a spirit of

The work of missions his supreme delight,
 His daily study, and his dream by night ;
 On this bright pivot all his actions turn'd,
 This fire within his bones for ever burn'd ;
 These to promote, he nobly stoop'd to be
 The slave of toil, *the drudge of charity* ;
 And went from house to house, from door to door,
 And many a taunt and keen repulse he bore.
 The rich, (for frankly asking touch'd their pride)*
 His mild appeal for negro slaves denied :
 The poor—'twas all they had—their pity gave,
 And wept to hear their fellow-man a slave :
 But there were gen'rous hearts, not wholly steel,
 Which Love had warm'd, and Pity taught to feel ;
 These nobly gave, unwarp'd by worldly cares,
 And bought an int'rest in the negroes' pray'rs :
 O sacred stock ! when all in me shall fade,
 My strength be wither'd, and my bloom decay'd,

condescending charity, laid aside the gentleman, the philosopher, and the scholar, to teach negro-slaves, and soften by the healing balm of salvation, the rigours of their captivity?—who has more cheerfully borne the burning sun of the equator, or the rage of the marine tempest, that he might carry the consolations of peace to thousands of the distressed? Witness, ye mighty forests of the western world ! witness how often Coke, amidst the silence of the sylvan temple, has called the cottagers of the wilderness beneath the shade of some spreading maple, to behold the Sinner's Friend. He preached the gospel from the Mississippi to the Bay of Ponobscot, and from the Chesapeak to the waters of the Ohio ; where is the man who was more lavish of life, more abundant in labours, or more willing to suffer? To the ardour of a seraph, he added the wings of a dove ; and, besides crossing the Atlantic Ocean sixteen times, how often has he crossed the turbulent stormy British Channel and Irish Sea? Who can stand up, and in the presence of Coke put this inscription upon his own brow—'in labours more abundant?'—His means were large ; his charity was larger ; but his heart was larger than all. He was the most indefatigable missionary that this or any former age has produced ; and had he lived in times of greater veneration for such labours, he might have been canonized as a saint of the first class, or dignified with the title of an apostle. To the toil-degraded Africans he was an unparalleled benefactor ; and if his labours to succour these outcasts of men are not ranked with Clarkson's and Wilberforce's, it is only because they are less known. These gentlemen nobly broke their civil chains ; he preached deliverance to their captive souls, and brought thousands of them into the glorious liberty of the sons of God. The preaching of the cross was the darling object of his heart, and few manifested equal ardour in dispensing the great truths of salvation. If he had not the commanding and irresistible eloquence of a Whitfield, his discourses were impressive and affectionate : the zeal of his life was not the blaze of a meteor, nor the corruscation of a northern light ; it was steady as the brightness of a lamp, and constant as the fire of the Magi. In the decline of life he manifested the ardour of youth, and ceased not to preach, beg, travel, and write with unabated diligence. To the foreign missions he was the almoner of the bounty of thousands ; and if he wanted that correct calculating prudence which the rigid economy of a Franklin might have suggested, it was because his great soul considered every pound wisely wasted which saved an immortal soul. Those who blamed him in this respect, never moved in the same sphere ; and those who slighted him, made it manifest that they valued his friendship and labours much less than their own money. He was the drudge of charity ; and by the warmth of solicitations, often became obtrusive to the parsimonious, who, afraid of their purses, wished to circumscribe his usefulness. But he is gone to answer to his own Master for the management of his stewardship, who, I doubt not, has put his *valde probò* upon his faithful servant's labours, and graciously welcomed him to the joy of his Lord.

* This was not the case with all the rich, many of whom were truly generous in helping forward this most noble and godlike work.

May I have shares in such a *bank* as this ;
'Twill shed a lustre on my path to bliss.

Early his race the ardent youth began,
The Christian was coeval with the man ;
For if a gloomy cloud his dawn o'ercast,
The sun shone brighter, and the cloud soon past ;
Truth claim'd the rising stripling for her own,
And Infidelity resign'd the throne.
At first, he mov'd within a narrow sphere,
But soon the path of duty shone more clear ;
He saw a wider field ; and claim'd no less
Than all creation for his diocese :
Had he within a parish sphere confin'd
His active labours and capacious mind,
The lamp within a bushel might have shone,
But not from east to west, from zone to zone.

The friend of Africa's oppressed race,
To Carib Isles his early steps we trace ;
Athirst for souls, he firmly dar'd to brave
The stormy dangers of the faithless wave ;
His ardent spirit panted to proclaim,
On distant shores, the soul-reviving name.
From isle to isle, beneath a flaming sun,
Impell'd by love this flaming seraph run ;
Where fierce tornadoes desolating sweep,
And bury towns and cities in the deep ;
Volcanoes roar,* then pour their melted mass ;
Bright solar fervours shrivel herb and grass ;
The putrid winds a thousand plagues diffuse,
And fatal fevers mingle with the dews ;
Gay, florid groves, and richest summer's bloom :—
The black man's jail, the European's tomb.
Here where the lash far echoes thro' the vale,
And negroes' groans are borne on ev'ry gale ;
E'en here this man of God was seen to stand,
Love in his heart, the gospel in his hand ;
Ten thousand untried dangers bold to dare,
And wage on satan's realms offensive war ;
Nor scorn, nor rage, his ardent soul could damp :—
The Carib's cottage and the negro's camp,
Alike his eager, steady steps explor'd,
To plant the cross, and wield the Spirit's sword ;
Resolv'd the toil-degraded wretch to bless,
And make the horrors of oppression less.

Weep, Africa ! for thou hast lost a friend,
Who made thy comfort his beloved end :
And chearfully the path of danger trod,
To bring thy sable progeny to God.

* See an Account of the late Eruption in the Island of St. Vincent.

The gen'rous Wilberforce thy fetters broke,
 Fox, Sharp, and Clarkson, eas'd thy iron yoke ;
 Their godlike zeal to give thy sons redress,
 Turn'd ev'ry eye and heart to thy distress ;
 And widely made thy tale of sorrow known,
 To church and state, the senate, and the throne:
 But Coke has never fail'd to feel at heart,
 A true concern for thy immortal part !
 And sought thy welfare with as warm a zeal,
 As monks could ever feign, or martyrs feel.
 He wept to see thee both a fiend and mule,
 The devil's slave, the obi-tricker's tool ;
 Thy sacred intellect, a gloomy cell
 Of deepest ignorance, as black as hell ;
 The slave of pagan rites, and vilest sin,
 Thy moral state still blacker than thy skin ;
 Thy body harast, and thy soul deprest,
 God's sacred image blotted from thy breast ;
 A human being made by man unjust,
 The drudge of toil, the instrument of lust.
 Beneath abhorr'd Oppression's grinding throne,
 He saw thy wrongs, he heard thy stifled groan ;
 And warm'd with pity, sympathy, and grief,
 This holy nuncio flew to thy relief ;
 Relax'd the cords that cut thee to the bone,
 And for thy comfort sacrific'd his own.
 With hopes that elevate, and joys that flow
 From bleeding love, and truths a black may know,
 He shed a lustre on thy cruel doom,
 And midst oppression bade the gospel bloom ;
 Bade thee apply to one all strong to save
 The injur'd black and toil-degraded slave,
 To Jesus, full of pity, truth, and grace,
 The negro's Friend—the Friend of all our race.
 He taught to lisp thy wants to Him in pray'r,
 Who hates to punish, but delights to spare ;
 Display'd the Lamb, and bade thy soul confide
 In Him who lov'd thee, bled for thee, and died !

A ready ear the gracious message gain'd,
 Comfort is welcome when the heart is pain'd ;
 And ne'er were summer gales, nor chrystal pool,
 To the parch'd traveller so sweet and cool,
 As this kind language to the negro's heart ;
 'Twas balm to soothe the captive suff'rer's smart.
 Quick thro' the palmy vales the tidings ran,
 " And Buckra Massa* was an angel-man ;"
 From fair Antigua all the islands round,
 Alternate heard the life-inspiring sound.
 Far as Bahama's shoals, Jamaica's shores,
 And where the mighty Oronooko pours

* A cant term of the negroes.

His rapid waves, a strong impetuous tide,
 'Gainst Spanish Trinidad's south-western side,
 The gospel has been heard ;—and now it smiles
 In the green vallies of the Somer's Isles.—
 Land of delight ! where once my lot was cast,
 And where, if heav'n will'd, I'd breathe my last !
 How oft have I, within thy cedar bowers,
 Beguil'd the sweetly solitary hours
 With holy thoughts and hymns of sacred love,
 Pure as the clime, and solemn as the grove !
 How oft have I, when ev'ning clos'd the day,
 And lent the night the moon's serenest ray ;
 With thoughts compos'd and tranquil joy survey'd
 The bright star glisten in the deep-blue shade ;
 Watch'd the slow-moving boats that past me glide,
 And listen to the rippling of the tide,
 That ever and anon would ebb and flow ;
 Impressive emblem of this world of woe !
 And then could lift, from wrath and envy free,
 Thro' the serene, my heart, O God, to thee !
 Oft have I, in the black man's cottage spent
 The silent hour, with safety and content ;
 Or, at his little table, sweetly sat,
 Have purple figs and soft bananas eat ;
 Then call'd the sable family to prayer ;
 And ask'd—and felt God's sacred presence there.
 How oft beneath the fragrant cedar, stood
 And preach'd to listening blacks th' atoning blood !
 Or, musing in the calm palmetto vale
 Have heard their praises borne along the gale.

Each leafy island of the western main,
 Each sunny grove, where bloom and beauty reign ;
 Each fair plantation, river, hill, and dale,
 Where the canes rise, or cedars scent the gale ;
 Where negroes swarm along the fervid land,
 And mountains rise majestically grand ;
 Have seen the lovely day-spring from on high,
 The pledge of peace, the harbinger of joy ;
 Have heard the joyful sound ; and thousands raise,
 To heav'n's high courts, the sacrifice of praise ;
 Receive EMMANUEL's yoke, and gladly bend
 In grateful homage, to the sinner's friend :
 And COKE reposing from his happy toils,
 Was God's apostle to these Indian isles.*
 From eastern worlds that felt his holy zeal,
 And crown'd his ministry with many a seal,

* The good done in the West India islands by this great man, and those connected with him, under the patronage of the Methodist Conference, will never be fully estimated till Eternity shall "cast full light on darkest scenes of Time." It is true, some writers affect to be ignorant that such a thing as flourishing Methodist Missions exist in the West Indies. These very candid persons tell us

To vast America with speed he flies,
 Where new-born states extend and cities rise;
 Where fair Columbia skirts the western tide,
 Immensely long, immeasurably wide;
 Where rivers glide serene "to song unknown,"
 And forests wave, impervious to the sun;
 Continuous mountains stretch from shore to shore,
 Vast lakes extend, and thund'ring cat'acts roar.
 Thro' these wild forests of primeval gloom,
 His ardour bade the rose of Eden bloom;
 From fair Augusta* south, his labours reach
 To Boston's spires, and wide Ponobscot's beach
 Careless of scorching sun or sickly dew,
 Thro' fog and fair, o'er wood and waste he flew:
 And dear his name is, much his toils were blest,
 In all the wide dominions of the west.
 Another Whitfield,—he would often preach
 Beneath the spreading oak, or tow'ring beech;
 In sylvan scenes, proclaim the sacred word,
 The grove his church, the skies his sounding board;
 Or Brainard-like, the joyful doctrines taught
 On the barn-floor, or woodman's birch-bark cot;
 Making the woods and solitary grove,
 A vestibule, to realms of endless love:
 To many a cottage in the forest shade,
 This rural priest the light of life convey'd;
 Where Hudson greets the wide Atlantic tides,
 Or to the sire of floods† Ohio‡ glides,
 Unwearied he from morn to eve would roam;
 Where God is present, ev'ry place was home:
 This cheer'd his heart, this sweeten'd ev'ry toil,
 On transatlantic shores, or Albion's happy isle.

In this fair land, his talents were confest;
 His labours, zeal, and wisdom, Ireland blest;
 Thro' many a cabin in the emerald land,
 He preach'd the cross, and works of mercy plann'd:
 There, he warm hearts, congenial spirits met,
 Whose love and friendship seldom were in debt;
 For these, he labour'd faithfully and hard,
 His fee, their smile;—their friendship, his reward;

a great deal about Moravian Missions, &c.; but were they ever in the British colonies themselves, to form a correct opinion on the subject? I scruple not to affirm, from my own personal knowledge, that the Methodist Missionaries have done more towards evangelizing the British American colonies, than all the other Missionaries put together; and the Rev. Dr. Coke, as an agent of the Methodist Conference, was one of the first that visited these blooming regions of perennial death, and never man better deserved the title of Apostle to the Africans than this zealous, able, and faithful missionary.

* The capital of Georgia.

† So the Indians call the river Mississippi.

‡ An Indian word meaning beautiful river.

Hence when they came to balance the affair,
His debt of toil they paid with love and pray'r.

Yet still he counted all his labours dross,
And wish'd for other worlds to spread the cross ;
His giant soul expanded to proclaim,
Thro' all the peopled East, EMMANUEL'S name ;
For India's abject countless sons he sigh'd,
This warn'd his breast,—'twas dead to all beside.
Where Brama's gloom with seven-fold darkness low'rs,
And bloody Juggernaut displays his tow'rs ;
Where holy, patient Swartz divinely broke,
From the soft Hindoo's neck, the magic yoke
Of slavish cast ; and bade the wretch arise
From gloomy fears, to heaven-illumin'd joys ;
He long'd the banner of the cross to wave,
And ev'ry grov'ling abject Hindoo save.
Nor burning winds, nor boist'rous billows ban,
The stubborn zeal of the devoted man :
In hoary age, when most men love to please
Exhausted nature, with recumbent ease ;
Still he revolv'd in his beloved sphere,
Nor counted life, repose, nor comfort, dear ;
A holy fire his words, his looks, impart,
And ASIA'S WEAL WAS WRITTEN ON HIS HEART !
To this vast object, all his soul was bent,
For this he toil'd, for this his days were spent ;
And doubtless offer'd many a favourite prayer,
That heav'n would speed the bark and bring him there !

But God,—all just, all wise in his decrees,
Who all on earth, and all in heaven sees,
And never for a single moment errs,
In what he takes away, or what confers,—
Has call'd his servant from a world of toil,
To bask ineffably in JESU'S smile ;
We kneel submissive at JEHOVAH'S feet,
And say—Great GOD ! *Our wills in thine shall meet.*



THE WOODLAND APOSTLE.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF
THE REV. FRANCIS ASBURY,

Superintendant of all the Methodist Societies in the United States of America,

Affectionately inscribed to the Rev. Charles Atmore.

“ ————— in my mind’s eye,
 “ He was a man take him for all in all,
 “ I shall not look upon his like again.”—Hamlet.

“ But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
 “ Now thou art gone, and never must return!
 “ Thee Shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves
 “ With wild thyme and the gadding vine overspread,
 “ And all their echoes mourn.”—Lycidas.

THE hope of the woodland is past,
 And set is yon star in the west ;
 The pilgrim is landed at last,
 The wayfaring bishop is blest.
 Unfailing his ardent career,
 Now safely arrived at the goal,
 In glory’s ineffable sphere,
 Reposes the veteran’s soul.

His warfare of glory and truth,
 The stripling right early pursued ;
 Ere manhood succeeded to youth
 His soul with his mission endued :
 Sprang forward the wilds to explore,
 To traverse the billowy flood,
 And preach on America’s shore,
 The triumphs of Jesus’ blood.

Form’d after the primitive plan,
 He bore on his conduct inroll’d,
 The marks of as upright a man,
 As ever protected Christ’s fold.
 The light of his pastoral lamp,
 Was never extinguish’d or dim ;
 Nor could the vain world ever stamp,
 A single impression on him,

With purest benevolence warm,
 His zeal it was steady and bright,
 Which gave to his labours a charm
 Of pleasing and holy delight :

His element, labour and toil ;
His pastime from action arose ;
And hardships would often beguile,
The want of inviting repose.

Hence ardent his mission to prove,
And finish his well begun race ;
Display the cross banner of love,
To natives of every place :
The path where fair usefulness led,
He follow'd whatever his doom ;
Rejoicing the woodlander's shed,
And teaching the desert to bloom.

Where scarcely the gospel had shone,
Or shone with a glimmering ray ;
To settlements poor and alone,
He urged his benevolent way ;
No elegant mansions he sought,
No rural retirement or ease,
But counted as refuse and nought,
Whatever another might please.

His duty alone was delight,
Tho' that was a tissue of pain ;
Of labour from dawning till night,
Thro' fervour, frost, snow-storm, and rain ;
The breadth of yon continent vast,
He compass'd regardless of health ;
Diffusing wherever he past,
A blessing surpassing all wealth.

Carolina's enervating heat,
Its fevers, mosquitos, and swamps,
Where sun-scorched sand burns the feet,
And agues exhale from the damps ;
He cheerfully travers'd to save,
The planter and negro oppress,
Intrepid each danger to brave,
And restless, that others might rest.

And when to bright cancer the sun
Rolls northward his flaming career,
To the east this good bishop would run,
Where glides the Connecticut clear.
Thence onward to Canada's shore,
O'er the mountains for ever in green ;*
The forest he nobly explores,
Till noble St. Laurence is seen.

* The State of Vermont, the mountains of which form the boundary between the United States and Lower Canada.

Where roaring Niagara pours
Its froth-fringed torrents along,
And the woods of Ontario's shores
Loud echo the warrior's song ;
He travers'd the forest and lake,
With tidings of mercy as free,
As the billows o'er Erie that break,
Or the lustre of morning can be.

Thence deep in the wilderness vast,
Thro' forests of measureless line,
To rapid Ohio he past,
That river majestic and fine.
Bays, rapids, savannahs, and lakes,
To carry the gospel he crost,
O'er mountains, and forests, and brakes,
To seek and recover the lost.

Hence thousands whom forests immur'd,
And hide in the depth of the wood,
His zeal and his preaching allur'd
To wisdom and permanent good ;
His spirit on action was bent,
His life was a tissue of toil,
Each moment was usefully spent,
And left as it vanish'd a smile.

When sickness and sorrow opprest
A frame prematurely decay'd,
And friends would solicit to rest,
A smile was the answer he made ;
His energy nothing could damp,
His track it was steady as light,
And the flame of his pastoral lamp
Made the brightest example more bright.

Till Death, the pale nuncio, came,
And gently imparted the sign,
Extinguish'd the animal flame,
And ended his labour's vast line :
He calmly the summons receiv'd,
Which bade his sharp pilgrimage close,
And knowing in whom he believ'd,
Sung a *nunc dimitte* to his woes.

Ye forests of primitive gloom,
Where silence and solitude reign,
No more shall his presence illume
The shades of your leafy domain ;
Who taught your loud echoes to praise,
Is silently sleeping in dust,
Mild Mercy has number'd his days,
And caught him to reign with the just.

Ohio, thy forest-crown'd side,
 His steps shall revisit no more ;
 Columbia's glory and pride,
 Her Asbury's labours are o'er.
 Ye mountains of Florida weep !
 Thou *father of rivers* roll on !
 Your prophet has fallen asleep !
 Your rural apostle is gone !



THE INDIANS AND MISSIONARIES :

Suggested by reading Loskiel's History of the Missions of the
 United Brethren among the Indians in North America.

Scene in the woods, on the banks of the Ohio.

MISSIONARIES.

MIGHTY warriors ! we desire
 To promote your endless good ;
 Now surround your council fire—
 Is our message understood ?

INDIAN.

If our cousins feel no fear,
 In this *wigwam* rest to-day,
 Till we purge our ears to hear
 What our cousins have to say.

You are weary, take repose ;
 Hear the *whip-poor-will** begun ;
 And the lake's white vapour shews,
 'Tis the time of setting sun.

When the morning star is bright,
 And the breeze the maple shakes,
 When the wild duck takes its flight
 O'er the woodland from the lakes,

We will round our council fire
 Meet our cousins—they are friends ;
 All our chiefs will then enquire
 What the *great good spirit* sends.

* This bird may be considered as the American Nightingale : he begins his plaintive note as soon as the sun is down, and makes the woods echo with ' whip-poor-will.'

MISSIONARIES.

Worthy warrior ! adieu ;
 We will lay us down to rest,
 Till the morn with mantle blue
 Covers all the woody west.

(Alone) Our almighty Friend is near,
 In these forests wild and rude ;
 His approving smile can cheer
 Danger, toil, and solitude.

“ Lo, I’m with you to the end ;”
 Precious word we dare confide ;
 Jesus will our lives defend,
 Who are simple, single-eyed.

Let his servants rest awhile,
 In the forest’s awful gloom,
 Till the meek-ey’d morning smile,
 And the dark wood’s skirts illumine.

INDIAN.

Teachers, wake ! the council’s met ;
 They would hear your *talk** to-day ;
 All the sachem chiefs are set,
 And the *pow-waas*§ are away.

MISSIONARIES.

Brothers, listen : we are sent
 By the mighty God above :
 Every warrior in this tent
 Is an object of his love !

God almighty has decreed ;
 What we now assert is true :—
 That his Son for sinners bleed ;
 Warriors, he has bled for you !

He for us a man became ;
 Travell’d in our world of strife,
 Guilty rebels to reclaim
 With the words of endless life.

We are all defil’d within ;
 But the blood of Christ did flow
 To redeem from every sin,
 Wash us white as mountain snow.

* The Indians call a sermon, discourse, or conversation, ‘a talk.’ They have also the plural ‘talks.’

§ These are a kind of characters among the Indians who act as sorcerers, physicians, prophets, priests, and conjurors.

We Jehovah's servants are,
Come across the mighty sea,
That our Indian friends may share
Mercy, and be blest as we.

FIRST INDIAN CHIEF.

Brothers, take this *wampum* string,
See the lines are fair and clear;
You from the great Spirit bring
Words we all delight to hear,

SECOND CHIEF.

Fathers, we approve your speech;
We have heard and understood;
All our nation you may teach:
What you say is very good.

ALL THE CHIEFS.

Smoke the social *calumet*,*
Keep the *chain* of friendship bright,
Till the sun no more shall set,
Nor the moon withdraw her light.

Fathers, cousins, freely smoke,
We are gladd'ned by your talk;
Bury deep beside yon oak,
The blood-spilling *tomahawk*.

O'er it let a tree arise,
Which shall every tree excel,
Till its branches reach the skies,
We in peace beneath them dwell.

MISSIONARIES.

Warriors, may his blood divine,
Who the penal wine press trod,
Now cement our souls, and join
You to us, and all to God!

Then our ministry of love
Shall be blest and understood,
The *good spirit* from above
Tes'ify to Jesus' blood.

"Fair the wilderness shall bloom,"
Blossoms of supernal grace;
Wide diffuse a rich perfume,
God shall save the Indian race.

* This is the pipe of peace, which they smoke in their council in token of friendship.

Warriors, our bosoms glow,
 We to you "glad tidings bring;"
 All your tribes shall Jesus know,
 All your woods his praises sing.

On the Alegenny brow,
 Or beside *Missoury's* flood,
 "Every knee to him shall bow,"
 On the waste or in the wood.

Then your cruel wars shall cease,
 You have none to fear or shun;
 Married with a *belt* of peace,
 Lasting as the flaming sun.

AN AGED SACHEM.

Cousins, look us in the face;
 You have pleaded well your cause;
 But the faithless *big-knife** race
 Cheat us, and seduce our squaws.

They have robb'd us of our land,
 Shot our warriors in the wood,
 Deeds of lust and rapine plann'd:
 Cousins, is such conduct good?

MISSIONARIES.

Warriors, there's a God above,
 Who will judge them for their deeds;
 All his ways are truth and love,
 He against oppressors pleads.

AGED SACHEM.

When at first the white men came,
 O'er the waves in big canoe,
 We could fish, or snare the game,
 Plant our corn, and eat it too.

All was Indian country then,
 We were masters of the soil;
 Wood and river, lake and glen,
 Saw our quiet hamlets smile.

Now the white men hem us round,
 All our peaceful woods molest;
 Only quiet land is found
 O'er yon waters to the west.

* So the Indians call the Americans, whom they much hate; and indeed they have small cause to love them, for it evidently appears to be the policy of the Americans, for several years past, utterly to exterminate these poor natives of the forest.

Underneath another sky,
 Green savannahs wide expand;
 And the mountain streams supply
 Lakes sublimely deep and grand.

Herds of buffaloes abound,
 Moose and bears in every brake;
 Flocks of wild fowl sweep the ground,
 Fish delicious croud the lake.

Where our fathers, now no more,
 Tell us the last mammoth* roves,
 Browzing 'long the verdant shore,
 Or conceal'd in pierceless groves.

Chiefs, I am an aged man,
 Hear what I have got to say;
 If our warriors like the plan,
 Let our cousins, white men, stay.

MISSIONARIES.

We will gladly with you dwell,
 If our brothers acquiesce;
 Tell us, warriors, frankly tell,
 Shall we stay, or go in peace.

ALL THE COUNCIL.

Cousins, you may freely stay,
 You are honest, peaceful men;
 On another council-day,
 We will hear your *talk* again.

We a lot and house will give,
 All our cousin's wants supply;
 They shall teach us how to live,
 They shall teach us how to die!

* Of this enormous quadruped, which now seems to be extinct, the North American Indians preserve the following whimsical and singular tradition. They tell us, that some ages back these animals increased so fast, that they became a serious evil to their forefathers, hindering them both from hunting and cultivating the earth, and annoying them in all the comforts of life. At length they assembled in council, to implore the assistance of the great spirit against these their stupendous and formidable enemies; upon which the great spirit came down himself, armed with all his thunderbolts, and seating himself upon one of the highest ridges of the Alegenny mountains, darted them down among the immense herds which were peaceably browsing in the valleys beneath. After making terrible slaughter among these prodigious animals, and killing the whole race, save the father of the flock, this big mammoth bull caught the last thunderbolt between his enormous tusks, and sprung over the western waters, where, in those vast wilds, he now wanders solitary and unseen.



THE REPARTEE :

(A TRUE TALE)

Or, The Lawyer and the Parson.

A LAWYER returning from quarterly court,
 With a few of his clients, all frolic and sport ;
 Tho' riding, like Jehu, they spied before 'em,
 A methodist preacher jog on all decorum.
 " Just the thing," said our witty civilian spark,
 " For a jest a poor parson's an excellent mark ;
 " We'll quiz Mr. Sober—let's quicken our pace—
 " I'll act like the fox, we've a goose in the chace ;
 " I love with a parson to enter the list,
 " For a witty man's mill such soft barley is grist."
 Thus riding and talking, they came up at last ;
 And after a few hasty compliments past,
 The lawyer enquir'd, to make short of my story,
 How good Mr. Sober could preach extempore.
 " We blunder sometimes, I acknowledge 'tis true."
 " Then pray," adds the lawyer, " how do you get thro' ?"
 " If they're vital mistakes, we correct them with speed,
 " But if small ones, we pass 'em, for nobody'l heed.
 " For example, I own 'tis a verbal mistake,
 " Should I say, All you lawyers shall burn in the lake ;
 " 'Tis liars I mean, in a moment reflecting ;
 " But an error so trifling needs little detecting,
 " So e'en let it pass on, thinks I, and proceed,
 " For I love to tell truth, tho' I never am fee'd."
 Then the lawyer slunk off with a mortified phiz,
 Outwitted by him he intended to quiz ;
 And the company titter'd, to carry the farce on,
 How the *limb* of the law was cut up by a parson.

—»O«—

LINES

ON CRITICAL HEARERS.

 " Take heed how ye hear." Gospel.

CARPUS.

MERCY upon us ! what a lengthy prayer :
 He needs Job's patience, who sits meekly there :

And such a sermon ; Moses had been vext,
 To hear such stuff from so divine a text ;
 Which, had it had the small-pox, 'twas so match'd,
 The bungling sermon none of it had catch'd.
 Trite, meagre, common-place, jejune, and stale,
 Like threadbare clothes, old tales, or long-drawn ale.
 Such language too, so vulgar, mean, and coarse,
 As destitute of elegance as force ;
 Was it a sermon fit to hear, alas !
 His voice was like the braying of an ass !

CAPTIOUS.

The text was read, and no more said about it ;
 He might, forsooth, as well have done without it ;
 The man would do t' address a noisy crowd,
 He speaks so fast, and bawls so plaguy loud :
 The subject, tho' I slept, I do contend,
 Was poor divinity, from end to end.

Candidus, worthy soul, was coming past,
 O'erheard his neighbours talking loud and fast ;
 Thought they were canvassing a theme divine,
 And nearer drew, to profit, and to join ;
 O'erheard them name the preacher, and was glad ;
 Then added what a charming theme we had :
 With sweet simplicity of heart averr'd,
 How much his soul was blest by what he heard :
 He never was so happy in his days,
 Such preaching was, he thought, above all praise.
 Carpus replied, that sounds a little queer,
 Since we as well as you were also there ;
 And to be plain, it matter'd not to squint,
 We heard of nothing so uncommon in't ;
 It might do *weak minds* good, he'd not deny,
 But he must own, he thought it wond'rous dry.

Thus captious critics wiredraw and abuse,
 And treat a sermon as they treat the news ;
 On some slight flaws triumphantly they harp—
 Their wit is blunt, but their ill-nature sharp :
 They do not hear to profit, but condemn,
 Hence good to others is not good to them.
 Not doers of the word, but judges these,
 Whom none can profit and but few can please ;
 Few rays of truth illuminate their breast,
 Who hear to *cavil* never yet were blest.



AFRICAN HYMNS.

The following Hymns were written for the people of colour in the Somers Islands, who, being chiefly free, their minds are in general much better informed than mere plantation negroes, and having a good ear for music, the author (who at this time had no hymn books) composed these little pieces for their use, together with some others more simple and plain than even the following.

Gospel Grace free for Blacks and Whites.

IF the whites in Jesus trust,
And feel his power and grace;
If to them the good, the just,
Display his smiling face;
Africans may also come,
Love divine for all is free:
Mercy says, "There still is room,"
Emmanuel died for me.

Me a black he died to save,
O all redeeming plan!
For my soul his life he gave:—
'The Son of God and man,
Ransom'd every human soul,
On the desert and the sea;
Wide the streams of mercy roll,
Emmanuel died for me.

All the Moorish race may share
His condescending love;
None of mercy need despair,
To all his bowels move;
Sable Africans may tell,
Black as jet, or bond, or free,
I was all defil'd as hell,
But Jesus died for me.

O that every Moor-man vile,
Thro' Afric's sultry shore,
From the Niger to the Nile,
Might Jesus' love adore;
Hear the gospel's joyful sound
Echo through the desert vast,
Spread salvation wide around,
With every sweeping blast.

Then the desert land shall bloom,
Delightful as a flower,
Wide diffuse a rich perfume
Of Jesus' love and power.

Blooming in the wilderness,
 Plants of righteousness shall rise,
 Africans Emmanuel bless,
 And shout redeeming joys.

Ethiopia shall stretch out her Hand to God.

Come all ye men of Guinea race,
 Ye needy captives, poor and base ;
 Whom men to pain and bondage doom,
 The Saviour says, " there still is room,"
 Within his loving bleeding side,
 Where guilty Africans may hide.

Dark Ethiopia, may now
 Stretch forth her hand to God, and bow
 The sable knee, before his throne ;
 His blood for pagans did atone,
 And captive blacks, howe'er opprest,
 May find asylum in his breast.

From Nubian wastes to either pole,
 The streams of goodness wide shall roll ;
 Wide as the desert's scorching sand ;
 Wide as the sea and spacious land ;
 And swarthy Africans may prove
 His whole immensity of love.

Then shall the desert wild and drear,
 Bloom as a garden all the year ;
 And long that desolated shore,
 Where tygers prowl, and lions roar,
 Emmanuel's bleeding cross shall shine,
 And moormen venerate the sign.

No longer shall the prince of hell,
 With magic arts, and baneful spell ;
 Unhappy Africans excite
 To demon worship, black as night ;
 Truth in its purest forms shall spread,
 Thro' all these regions of the dead,

'Tis our Emmanuel's gracious plan,
 To save the family of man ;
 He will from heaven his spirit pour,
 On every pagan heart and shore ;
 Darkness shall then to hell be hurl'd,
 And God baptize the heathen world.

Spread of the Gospel in Africa.

Hark the gospel trumpet blowing,
Listen to the joyful sound,
Streams of grace are overflowing
Wide creation's ample round,
Caffre deserts
With the living springs abound.

Now shall sable Ethiopia,
Taste the good the joyful word ;
Join the song with fair Europia,
Jesu's bleeding love record,
Negro captives
Are adopted by the Lord.

Day-star rise, in spreading brightness,
Shed thy lustre wide and far,
On the eye-halls of the sightless,
Shine resplendant morning-star ;
O'er the deserts,
From Angola to Sennaar.

Africans of every nation,
O'er the burning regions all,
Bless with tidings of salvation,
Spread the gospel's loudest call,
Till each idol
Low before Emmanuel fall.

While in yonder islands burning,
'Neath the zenith solar fire,
To Emmanuel, thousands turning,
For the path to bliss inquire,
And with rapture,
Negroes tune the living lyre.

Jesus Christ no respecter of Persons.

There's mercy for all, Redeemer in thee,
Who come at thy call, the captive or free ;
God spreads a free table and all may partake,
The white man or sable, for Jesu's sake.

No matter how blind, oppressed, or poor,
Jehovah can find a balsam to cure ;
He opens a fountain to wash you within,
And tho' like a mountain, he'll pardon your sin.

Ye black men draw near, from African lands,
He'll banish your fear, and sweeten your bands ;

Tho' deeply oppressed with slavery's chain,
Our Jesus 'the blessed' with smiles will sustain.

Were you in such state as even to lack
A morsel to eat, or rag to your back,
No cottage to cover, no credit nor gold,
The human race lover invites to his fold.

As Lazarus sick, despised, and sore,
Or tried to the quick, as Job was of yore ;
As Jacob bereaved, as Agar distrest,
By Jesu's love saved, the negro is blest.

Then come to the Lamb, and trust in his grace,
Ye children of Ham, ye African race ;
Your minds he'll enlighten, your sorrows subdue,
Your moral state whiten, and save even you.

The Negro's Petition.

Tune—Blind Bartimeas.

Mercy O thou bleeding Saviour !
Listen to a negro's prayer,
Others feel thy smiling favour,
Of thy sweetest bounty share ;
Shall the blacks alone be slighted ?
That be far, O Lord, from thee !
Black and brown, are all invited,
Grace for all is rich and free.

Yes, a black may find salvation,
Tho' a poor degraded clod ;
Every man of every nation,
May become the child of God :
Jew or Gentile, he is able
Pagan, Scythian, to save,
Whether yellow, white or sable,
For the world his life he gave.

Thanks to Jesus for his kindness,
Black men join the sacred lay,
He hath heal'd our native blindness,
Taught our feet the living way ;
When by white men o'er the billow,
We were dragg'd from home and land,
And the cold deck was our pillow,
He our friend was near at hand.

Hence when our sad voyage ended,
And we safe arriv'd on shore ;
Mercy still our souls befriended,
Heal'd our woes, our burden bore,

Tho' the cruel captain sold us,
 At the man degrading mart ;
 And the rich man planter told us
 We must either work or smart.

Still our loving Master led us,
 Tho' alas, we knew him not !
 Strengthen'd, comforted, and fed us,
 Grafted blessings on our lot :
 Soon his mission preachers taught us,
 Jesus died our souls to save,
 Then we blest the lot that brought us
 O'er the ocean's rolling wave.

Glory, honour, and salvation,
 To the Saviour now belong ;
 Every people, every nation,
 Join the thankful negro's song ;
 Asia and Ethiopia,
 With Columbia's favour'd race,
 Celebrate with fair Europia,
 Jesu's all-redeeming grace.

The Black Man's Jubilee.

Hark how the deserts now rejoice,
 Clier'd by salvation's peaceful voice :
 See blossoms Guinea's wilds adorn,
 And darkness flies the light of morn,
 While swarthy Africans forlorn,
 On Jesus call.

Now shall the sable sons of Ham,
 Joyful behold the bleeding Lamb ;
 Black men shall sing, adore, and pray,
 And join the universal lay,
 For God has roll'd their curse away,
 Adore his name.

Rise all ye followers of the Lord,
 The triumphs of his love record ;
 From east to west the Lamb shall sway,
 From pole to pole, from sea to sea,
 His sceptre till the world obey,
 And bless his word.

Wide shall the great salvation run,
 Swift as the wind, and bright as the sun ;
 It shall each pagan rite o'erturn,
 And superstition's stubble burn,
 The moral world to Jesus turn,
 Both bond and free.

Salvation for Negroes.

Tho' cruel my lot, and sable my skin,
Oppressed without, and pained within;
The missionaries tell of a Saviour above,
And poor captive negroes may taste of his love.

For Jesus is no respecter of men,
West Indian slaves may come to him then,
The Lord will receive them, his mercy bestow,
And make the dark Ethiope whiter than snow.

Had black men remain'd on Africa's shore,
Where fierce serpents hiss, and fell lions roar;
Where devils are worship'd, and idols of stone,
We ne'er should the gospel's sweet tidings have known.

But providence led our steps to these isles,
Where coarse is our bread, and slavish our toils,
Yet mercy has given a rose with our rod,
And bondage has driven the negro to God.

The Gospel Invitation to Africans.

Hark! a voice of grace decending,
From yon lovely azure sky;
See the Saviour mildly bending,
Love and pity in his eye,
Why poor negro,
Why will you persist to die?

All are welcome, white or sable,
Poor and needy, bond and free;
Christ alone from sin is able
To deliver you and me:
Then for refuge,
To the wounds of Jesus flee.

Lo, he died for every nation!
Why should Africans despair?
Tho' degraded in their station,
They may still his mercy share:
Hence he brought them
To receive the gospel here.

Children of oppression turn you,
Listen to the Saviour's rod,
Come and welcome, he'll ne'er spurn you,
Mercy is the name of God;
Still obey him,
This bright path apostles trod.

THE BUDHIST PRIEST;

(A TALE)

*Or, The blessed Effect of Missions.**

ON the fair shores of mild Ceylon,
Along the sparkling east;
'Midst blooming groves of cinnamon,
There liv'd a budhist priest,

Who still as regular clock,
In worship spent the day;
He seem'd to think his god—a block,
Could take his sins away.

A robe of yellow, wide and long,
Down to his ankles flow'd;
All budhu's ritual grac'd his tongue,
And in his bosom glow'd.

Of all the ancient *Chalia* cast,
The darling, pride and boast,
He every Cingalee surpast,
On all Celona's coast.

Deep skill'd in oriental rites,
A penetrating sage,
Who spent his days in prayer—his nights
I'th Sancrit's sacred page,

Long had the minor priests admir'd
Their venerable chief;
His zeal their emulation fir'd,
His knowledge pass'd belief.

A man of high attainments—he
Had travel'd wide and far,
He spoke the Sancrit, and Pali,
Burman, and Malabar.

He built a famous temple too,
A pyramid and spire;
All sacred to the god-budhu,
Could pagan priest go higher.

But still he was opaque as night,
And blind in every part,
His mind without a ray of light,
Devoid of love his heart.

* The hint of this little simple piece was taken from an account of the conversion of two Buddhist priests, in the Methodist Magazine.

Till in his judgment blinded long,
A strange suggestion grew ;
That budhu's sacred rites were wrong,
The christian's worship true.

The more he thought the more the doubt,
Embarrass'd and perplext ;
What can a pagan know without
The mind-directing text.

Shall I, he thought, alas, shall I !
So rich in sacred lore,
In dark conjecture live and die,
And die for ever more ?

For still he saw no path to guide
Bewildering mazes thro' ;
His learning but awoke his pride,
It could not yield a clue.

A clue to guide his harass'd mind,
To wisdom, peace and rest ;
Or awe the passions that combin'd
To vex his aching breast.

To satisfy each doubting thought,
And give his conscience ease ;
A testament he quickly bought,
Printed in Cingalese.

And o'er its sacred pages he
Would often read and pore,
But thro' the vail he could not see,
'Twas darker than before.

Just then a christian missionary,
Into the temple came,
With whom he wished to confer,
But could not conquer shame.

A sigh escap'd the stranger's breast,
A tear would often start,
For strong emotions unexpressed
Came rushing round his heart.

He wept to think an idol gross
Should Jesus supercede ;
Eclipse the glory of the cross,
And blot the spotless creed.

He wept that ere a ransom'd soul,
Should noblest powers employ,
In worshipping a thing so foul,
And gulping such a lie.

The stranger came at eventide,
The priest was punctual there ;
Again the missionary sigh'd,
And breath'd an inwrought prayer.

The budhist saw his thoughtful look,
And mark'd his feeling sigh ;
And when he read a little book,
He watch'd his speaking eye.

A sudden cogitation rose :
This is a holy youth,
To him I will my doubts disclose,
And ask him " what is truth."

He did at first with awe and fright,
But soon he bolder grew,
And while he spoke, a ray of light
Across his bosom flew.

Anon he open'd all his mind,
Full bright the gospel shone ;
He cast his yellow robes behind,
And every god of stone.

Each idol altar he forsook,
By pagan worship stain'd ;
And read, with prayer, God's holy book,
Till he salvation gain'd.

Redeeming mercy his delight,
His soul was all a flame ;
And soon he was by holy rite,
Baptiz'd in Jesus' name.

A humble christian preacher now,
He loves the gospel well ;
And dares the mighty change avow,
That pluck'd his feet from hell.



VERSES

In Memory of a Lady and her three Children,

WHO ALL PERISHED AT SEA.

The event which occasioned the following lines, was one of the most tragical and affecting possible. Mrs. Bradley, an amiable, pious, and intelligent woman, the wife of Leveret Bradley, of St. John's, New Brunswick, and daughter of Mr. Davies, of the commissary department, Halifax, Nova Scotia, had been spending some time with her parents in the latter town; but as the winter was approaching, she took her passage in a brig bound to St. John's. They had been at sea a few days, when one stormy night, as they were entering the Bay of Fundy, the vessel was perceived to be on fire; and so rapid were the flames, they had scarcely time to hoist out the boat: into which, without sail, compass, or provision, twenty-seven sailors and passengers, besides this amiable woman and her three children, were obliged to crowd. The boat sunk so deep in the water, obliged them to row before the wind, which at that time blew off shore; and what added to their miseries, they were without food, fuel, and many of them clothes.—In five days twenty of them perished with hunger and cold, among whom were Mrs. Bradley and her three lovely children; but in the extremity of her suffering, she justified the will of God, and died commending her soul to her Redeemer, and requesting the captain to give her tenderest love to her dear Leveret.—The captain and two men only survived to reach the shore, and relate the melancholy catastrophe.—“Lord, how unsearchable are thy ways, past finding out.”

“ ————— each moment plays
 “ His little weapon in the narrow sphere,
 “ Of sweet domestic comforts, and cuts down
 “ The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss.”—Young.

ETERNAL Providence! no mortal eyes
 Can pierce the clouds which round thy temple rise:
 Along the whirlwind thou art seen to ride,
 Or walking o'er the ocean's mighty tide,
 In gloom sublimely dark, that half conceals
 The passing brightness of thy chariot wheels;
 The pierceless shade defies an angel ken,
 (For herein angels symbolize with men)
 And only light prophetic can illumine
 That awful region of impervious gloom.
 Or ere Lavinia sail'd, some friendly power
 Had rescu'd sweetness from the fatal hour;
 Parental love, admonish'd of her doom,
 Had snatch'd from glory and a salt-sea tomb:
 Could they, before the fatal hour drew near,
 Have read her end, mysteriously severe,
 Ere yet the gallant vessel spread her sail,
 Or felt the mighty impulse of the gale;
 Ere the sad boat convey'd her from the shore,
 From hearts that bled, eyes that ne'er saw her more;
 They would have sav'd their child from coming woes,
 But who the will of Sov'reign Wisdom knows?

Soft was the breeze, serene and blue the skies—
Along the waves the painted vessel flies :
Lavinia's heart with love and transport beat,
To meet her love, her own sweet Leveret ;
Each prospect brightens as the vessel glides,
But ah ! what ills the future moment hides !
At dead of night, when waves had rock'd to rest
Each anxious care that flutters in the breast ;
And o'er the landscape, form'd by sleep, arise
Visions that ape our sorrows and our joys :
At this sad season, when the hollow sound
Of dashing waves made slumber more profound ;
The rapid Bay of Fundy midway crost,
Shrill thro' the gloom a cry was heard—"we're lost !
" Hoist out the boat !—the ship's on fire below !—
" Be quick, my lads, and let the lady know !"
The blazing vessel sheds a dismal glare
Along the sullen surge and murky air,
For now more bold the spiry flames arise,
Mount the tall mast, and tremble in the skies !
Condensed clouds dark o'er the welkin hung ;
Each whistling blast in passing murmurs sung ;
The dreary Bay's wild angry billows roar,
And far, O far away New Brunswick's shore.
But O what meets my sight thrills thro' my soul,
And bids within deep waves of anguish roll :
Borne o'er the gangway of the burning bark,
The weeping saint and naked babes I mark.
Anon I see her quit the vessel's side,
In a small boat unfit to brave the tide ;
Before the curling waves they bear away,
To 'scape the fury of the windward sea ;
While she, alas ! (but how shall language shew
The dismal horrors of that scene of woe)
Sat 'midst the dashing waves, with head reclin'd,
The waves less agitated than her mind,
Where thoughts on thoughts in quick succession rush,
And from her eyes the briny sorrows gush.
Her husband first engrosses all her fear ;
Her children next, and then her parents dear ;
Till in succession, all before her eyes,
Friends, brothers, sisters, weeping kindred, rise,
And all the blooming prospects met her view,
Which life exhibits when each scene is new ;
They met her view with overpowering glare,
Then quickly vanish into empty air,
For ever gone, all wither'd in their spring ;
Alas ! how frail is every earth-born thing !
But may we not in all affliction trace
A God of promise, providence and grace ;
To him appeal, our never-failing friend,
Can brightest bliss with penal evil blend ;

And make his rod, when rightly understood,
With rosy joy, and deathless blessings bud.
His book of providence, his mystic plan
Is full of hieroglyphics, dark to man ;
Nor till events transpire, can e'en the wise
Unlock the hidden council of the skies ;
So wily writers with peculiar skill
And mystic lines, the puzzling letter fill ;
Till backward turn'd, we fail to read the lay,
Then every thought is legible as day.
Oft the wide bay Lavinia's thoughts explore,
To gain some quiet creek, some friendly shore,
Or glancing back on blessings late possess,
And all the woman rushes on her breast ;
She eyes her children with heart-rending grief,
Then turns to heav'n to supplicate relief.
Sweet prattlers, lovely rivals of the sky,
The mother's jewels and their father's joy,
Heav'n mark'd for glory at an early date,
And now draws near the crisis of their fate.
On all the crew the king of terrors glares,
Regardless of a weeping mother's prayers.
Methinks I hear her heaven-directed cry,
Lord, spare my lambs, or let the mother die ;
Then, frantic clasp their bodies stiff and chill,
When down her cheek afresh the tears distil ;
Till in a death-like swoon she sinks away,
And round her absent thoughts bright visions play ;
For darting downward like a beam of light,
A snow-white vision strikes her mental sight,
Calms all the storm that in her bosom rolls,
Her mind composes, all her fear controls ;
Points to the skies, and shews a starry wreath,
Which sheds a glory on the vale of death.
Thus he : O sister, heaven's unbounded love !
The brightest jewels in the realms above,
Has sent an angel down to thy relief,
To mix with joy the bitter cup of grief.
See on yon sapphire, yon cerulean throne,
The wise, the good, the gracious reign alone ;
His high, benign, unerring will revere,
Who knows, who circumscribes thy sorrows here :
He, all the wheels of second causes guides,
The seasons, tempests, planets, suns and tides ;
By number, measure, weights, concerts his plans,
And with a parent's eye all nature scans.
That being men adore, Jehovah, God,
Who governs all creation with a nod ;
" Shall justify his ways to thee on high,"
And thou extol the council of the sky ;
To him submit, a little time shall prove
That God's enigmas are the knots of love ;

By wisdom plann'd, by smiling mercy sent,
 Some good to double, or some ill prevent :
 Nor weep, thy babes arriv'd an hour before,
 On the calm vales of Eden's happy shore ;
 In circling light, thy ransom'd lambs behold,
 See on their temples coronets of gold ;
 In raiment whiter than the lily's hue,
 Pure as the morning-star, or rose's dew ;
 Their spring of bliss no intermission knows,
 Thus beauty mocks the apple-bloom, or rose ;
 Refulgent as the summer solar ray,
 And sweeter than a violet in May.
 Haste, and embrace them, see they ready stand,
 To hail thy welcome to " Emmanuel's land."
 Then, O my husband, dost thou softly sigh—
 Leave him to God—his guardian angel, I
 Will soothe his heart—to piety allure,
 And make thy death to bliss his cynosure.
 Let him, let all thy earthly magnets go,
 Rise, sister rise, refin'd from all below ;
 Nor mourn a partner's loss, a parent's pain,
 Their transient loss is thy eternal gain.
 Let nobler thoughts, let purer themes employ
 Thy mind—thy Saviour's blood, thy master's joy.
 A little moment and thou art no more,
 Trust, tremble, raise thy heart and God adore ;
 Love hears thy prayers, the whisper, and the groan,
 Love is preparing thee a harp, a throne ;
 'Tis love alone, that seals thy early doom,
 'Tis love that blights thy rose-bud in its bloom.
 Nor man alone is witness of thy fate,
 Love knows thy sorrows, and prescribes their date ;
 Else angels would (for surely angels can)
 Join their soft sympathies to weeping man ;
 Swell the big tears that from thy friends shall flow,
 And aid their sad variety of woe.
 Then cease to mourn, the shining vision spake,
 Can wisdom, infinitely good, mistake ?
 Can goodness, infinitely wise, oppress ?
 Can love, almighty, ever cease to bless ?
 Can infinite philanthropy perplex,
 Or boundless pity a beloved vex ?
 No—Deity is goodness in the rod,
 For goodness is the omnipotence of God.
 This said, the heavenly herald took his flight,
 Clouds reinvolving, hide him from her sight.
 She woke ; her sense, her memory return'd,
 But all her heart with love extatic burn'd :
 " And from that moment all emotions cease,
 " Her troubled spirit finds a sudden peace ;"
 She own'd the power, and ceas'd to wish or fear,
 And from her eye descends the final tear.

Yet one sweet thought within her bosom lives ;
 One thought of tenderness which God forgives.
 Thus to the captain, with an earnestness
 Verse cannot imitate, nor words express,
 She said : O captain, tell my Lev'ret sweet !
 My best beloved, if you ever meet ;
 Tell him I love him with my latest breath,
 My love is stronger than the bands of death !
 Now superlunar joys her thoughts employ,
 Faith's holy vision looks beyond the sky ;
 The earth receding, curtains all with night,
 And heaven's refulgence bursts upon her sight.



A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT

To the Memory of

THE REV. MR. SAMUEL BRADBURN.

“ And to add greater honour to his age than man could give him,
 he died fearing God.”—Shakespear.

COULD native wit, or eloquence impart
 To life a date beyond what mortals know,
 Thou hadst not, BRADBURN, felt the mortal dart,
 And turn'd our songs to elegies of woe ;
 But ah ! the brightest child of man
 Must 'neath the clods lie low.

Then what avail vivacity and sense,
 The wit to sparkle, or the gifts to please ;
 They cannot death disarm, nor life dispense,
 When awful wisdom calls the spirit hence.
 We fade like a storm-blasted leaf upon autumnal trees,
 And sink to dust, and nothingness, by slow or quick degrees.

The mind that now has left its clod,
 Was of no common cast,
 'Twas form'd in nature's patent mould,
 And sparkled to the last ;
 Tho' partial clouds o'ercast his end,
 Yet faith was in his eye,
 And hope believes his name inroll'd
 In characters of living gold, above yon starry sky.

And art thou gone, O man of shining parts,
 Who charm'd our fancies, and who rais'd our hearts!
 Yes, thou art gone; no more shall friends invite,
 He lies beneath the dust who gave delight,
 His spirit to that happy choir eternally belongs,
 Whose tears are turn'd to transports sweet,
 Whose sighs are chang'd to songs.

His tongue was sweeter than the Orphean lyre,
 How oft did list'ning crouds his strains admire!
 Charm'd with the music of his eloquence,
 His strains persuasive, and superior sense;
 'The sprightly vein, the eloquence of speech,
 Which none could rival, and but few could reach.

He had a noble intellectual store
 In his large soul, whence rich ideas flow'd;
 Replete with anecdote, and fancy's lore,
 His ready thought, and elocution glow'd;
 His *wit* alone was keen, his *heart* was mild,
 A sage in sense, in simpleness a child.

His gen'rous heart for every woe could feel,
 And down his cheeks the ready tear would steal,
 If others wept, his countenance was sad;
 If others smil'd, his feeling soul was glad;
 For he was nature's child, and all might trace
 In him the sympathising man, the friend of human race.

Redeeming mercy was his darling theme,
 And who on such a theme could him excell?
 Who would with such impressive pathos dwell
 On all the glories of Emmanuel's name!
 The Lamb his boast, his confidence, his glory and desire.
 What heaven-born melting eloquence will such a theme inspire
 His subject here, and now the song of his celestial lyre!

His end was sudden, mercy shut the door
 On a long train of ills, the foes of age;
 Now heaven's mysteries his thoughts explore
 Beyond the reach of man or demon's rage;
 He cannot now a human weakness shew,
 He cannot now a pang of anguish know,
 Or see the pointed shaft by rage or envy thrown,
 Or mourn another's miseries, or languish o'er his own.



A WILD FLOWER,

On the grave of

THE REV. THOMAS TAYLOR.

“ Let the elders that rule well be counted worthy of double honour.”—Paul.

AS one who on a tedious voyage bent,
 But sees no shore, though often near the land ;
 If by a sudden squall his bark is sent
 Quickly into the haven just at hand,
 Looks round with sweet and rapturous surprise,
 To view the city's sparkling spires arise,
 Grove, hill and vale ; and hears at distance roar
 Those stormy billows he shall cross no more.

So holy TAYLOR sees (tho' long detain'd
 On life's eventful voyage, tempest tost,)
 The tranquil shores of bliss eternal gain'd,
 Time's stormy gulf, without a shipwreck crost ;
 At evening watch his weary eyelids close,
 Safe moor'd in Eden, when the morning rose,
 He hears far off, the roaring restless deep,
 And sees, transported, death's wild cape
 Safe doubled in his sleep.

O hoary saint, may I but live like thee,
 A quick remove will then delightful be ;
 I shall not, terrified, my exit view,
 If sudden—glory will be sudden too.
 And who would much regret, to 'scape the strife,
 The pangs and tremors of dissolving life,
 If he on Enoch's, or Elijah's car,
 Might gain the crown of bliss, without the war
 Or could, like TAYLOR, the indulgence have,
 T'elude the fiend, and slip into the grave.

Firm as a rock, amidst the roaring tide,
 An aged oak, the forest's hope and pride,
 Fifty six-years this white hair'd vet'ran stood,
 “ Against example resolutely good :”
 Dispensing truth to all of human kind ;
 Truth, sweetest cordial of the upright mind.
 The hallow'd cross, wav'd by his steady hand,
 He bore in triumph round a guilty land.

No priest of mere morality was he,
 But grace, immensely full, divinely free,
 For every outcast rebel child of man,
 So runs the tenor of the gospel plan;
 And he full well that gospel understood,
 That rolls to man in deluges of good,
 Its spring, the fount of mediatorial blood.

The silvery white of age his brow display'd,
 Yet were his mental powers still undecay'd ;
 By duty's magnet drawn, he onward prest,
 Nor felt, nor feign'd a wish for downy rest ;
 With step as firm as e'er apostle trod,
 He onward march'd to happiness and God.

A fearless leader of Emmanuel's band,
 He dar'd the stoutest rebel, hand to hand ;
 And ne'er forsook the fierce contested pass,
 " Tho' roll'd in blood each warrior's garment was ;"
 His temper'd blade, bright helm, and flaming shield,
 Made even death himself decline,
 And shun the open field.

To all a friend, a father to the poor ;
 The house of woe his footsteps often sought ;
 No Eden for the man of brilliant thought.
 But he had learn'd there is a lonely way,
 Leading through Sorrow's vale, to gods above ;
 Hence he would balm to broken hearts convey,
 And scatter consolation on the road.

Still as he mov'd along the even line,
 For he'd by line and rule his duty plan,
 He taught by fair example, to combine
 The man of study with the active man.
 Books were the gems he priz'd, but still he sought
 In holy toils a sweet relief from thought.

For tho' the flow'ry path of study charm'd,
 And many a rose-bud blushes in the vale,
 Yet he with nobler, purer zeal was warm'd,
 When pale-ey'd Sickness told her weeping tale :
 He had a tear to drop o'er pity's woes ;
 He had a hand the needy to relieve ;
 He had a balm to soothe affliction's throes ;
 He would when wounded hearts profusely grieve,
 Bid them look up and on the Lamb believe.

Time was his treasure, hence he only paid
 The passing moments, for their value just ;
 No golden hour, no fair occasion stay'd,
 Till he had fancy pleas'd, or pamper'd lust :

For he would bid the fleeting minutes stay,
 Till he had taught them everlasting things ;
 That they might carry to the realms of day
 A record of his duty, on their wings.

And now the thread of mortal life is spun,
 Woe's fiery wave, and times last limit pass'd ;
 Eternity receives a favour'd son,
 Safe from the angry surge and stormy blast ;
 In that mild haven of serenest rest,
 Where goodness, love, and truth, for ever smile,
 (And trees of life in bloom, eternal drest)
 A crown of bliss rewards the warrior's toil.



MY PASTOR.

“ But in his duty prompt to every call,
 “ He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all.
 “ And as a bird, each fond endearment tries,
 “ To tempt its new fledg'd offspring to the skies ;
 “ He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
 “ Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.”—Goldsmith.

WHO first with eloquence divine,
 Impress'd this stony heart of mine,
 And taught obscurity to shine ?
 My Pastor.

Who with an animating zeal,
 Immoral hirelings never feel,
 Pursued incessantly my weal ?
 My Pastor.

Who sav'd me from the pit of hell,
 Where men abominable dwell,
 In pains no eloquence can tell ?
 My Pastor.

Who brought the harps of bliss to sight,
 The robes of beauty, crowns of light,
 And palms that deck the warrior bright ?
 My Pastor.

Who, when I felt devoid of good,
 Display'd the promise, cross and blood,
 And nipp'd despairing thoughts i'th' bud ?
 My Pastor.

Who shew'd what grace and glory meet,
In Jesu's name, for ever sweet,
And drew me to Emmanuel's feet?
My Pastor.

When doubts arose and fear combin'd
To harass my distracted mind,
Who sooth'd my heart with counsel kind?
My Pastor.

Who taught I must to Jesus cleave,
With sweet simplicity believe,
Nor by distrust his spirit grieve?
My Pastor.

Who bid me still in truth proceed,
Firm faith my shield, warm love my creed,
And still for mercy ever plead?
My Pastor.

Who shew'd me each distinction fine,
And how extreme in all things join,
That I might keep the middle line?
My Pastor.

When clouds arose, and comfort fail'd,
And furious heart-bred lusts assail'd,
Who then my wounded spirit heal'd?
My Pastor.

When satan's wiles, and sin's attack,
Had nearly turn'd my footsteps back,
Who kept me in the gracious track?
My Pastor.

When scripture mysteries perplex'd,
Who open'd every doubtful text,
And calm'd my spirit, sorely vex'd?
My Pastor.

When providence severely lour'd,
And crosses all my temper sour'd,
Who on my heart a lenient pour'd?
My Pastor.

He sooth'd each murmuring thought to rest,
And calm'd the tempest in my breast,
Yea, taught to bear what some detest.
Disaster.

Who when my heart with anguish cleft,
Of vigour, wealth, and friends bereft,
Sooth'd me, and said you are not left?
My Pastor.

Who call'd at my poor cottage door,
And many others on the moor,
For he was tender of the poor?

My Pastor.

When I was sick confin'd to bed,
Who to my humble dwelling sped,
And round my pillow roses shed?

My Pastor.

Who talk'd about Emmanuel's land,
With feeling sympathy so bland,
And slipt a shilling in my hand?

My Pastor.

When with a friend I took offence,
And prejudice had stifled sense,
Who drove the angry passions hence?

My Pastor.

Who got us sweetly reconcil'd,
With looks so meek, and words so mild,
And mutual enmity beguil'd?

My Pastor.

His life was like his doctrine, bright,
A sun by day, a star by night,
Alluring me to walk upright,

And faster.



AN INVOCATION TO PITY.

*After visiting some Objects of Distress, in the Depth of
a severe Winter.*



" Ah, little think the gay licentious proud,
" Ah, little think they, while they dance along,
" How many feel this very moment death
" And all the sad variety of pain ;
" How many pine in want, in dungeon gloom ;
" ————— " How many drink the cup
" Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
" Of misery. Sore pierc'd by win'try wind ;
" How many shrink into the sordid hut
" Of cheerless poverty."—Thompson.



HASTE, soft Pity ! gentle passion,
Fair-ey'd maid inspire my song ;
Bring thy sweetest, near relation,
Mild Philanthropy along :

Touch my heart with tender anguish,
Others' miseries to share ;
Ills that make the wretched languish,
Pain, neglect, and pining care.

Ye who live in ease and plenty,
Bask in wealth's serenest smile ;
Costly garments, viands dainty,
Rose and myrtle, wine and oil :
Wrapt in tender soothing pity,
Hear me touch each mournful string ;
Listen to my plaintive ditty,
Rich man listen while I sing.

Hie you to the mansions dreary,
Cheerless haunts of care and woe ;
Where the wretched, sickly, weary,
Feel the keenest ill below :
In yon alley—all dejected,
A poor widow lives forlorn ;
By her summer friends neglected,
Pierc'd with Sorrow's sharpest thorn.

She was once a better plight in,
Blest with partner kind and true,
But he fell, while bravely fighting
For his country, king, and you :
See his orphan's pale complexion,
Rags unclean his best attire ;
Give the wretched boy protection,
Send the mother food and fire.

In yon humid cellar pining,
There's a group but half alive,
On their water gruel dining,
Husband, wife, and children five ;
Every eye is sunk and sallow,
Want has mark'd them for his own ;
Every face is thin and yellow,
Shrunk, alas, to skin and bone.

Now the victims of compassion,
Once possess'd of health and ease ;
Gliding 'long the streams of fashion,
Riches flew on every breeze :
Till calamity impended,
(God prescribes the lot of all)
And with thorns their roses blended,
Dash'd the honey cup with gall.

All below is like a moon-gleam,
He to-day that's rich and great,
By to-morrow's sun at noon-beam,
May descend to low estate :

With prosperity delighted
 Round yon gayest prospects rise,
 Clouds descend, each bliss is blighted,
 And with Job you symbolize.

Now employ the fleeting minute,
 Give a portion of your wealth ;
 Ye shall find a blessing in it,
 Heart serenity, and health :
 There's a bank to reimburse you,
 Swift the widow's prayers arise
 Up to God ; to bless, not curse you,
 Happy record in the skies.

Bleak December winds are blowing,
 Sleet and snow drift drench the plain ;
 Chill and cold the air is growing,
 Winter has begun her reign :
 List, I hear a cry of anguish !
 Whistling tempests cease to howl,
 Hark ! a fellow mortal languish !
 How the accents pierce the soul !

'Tis a beggar, sorrow's brother ;
 Rich man turn not on thy heel ;
 Sordid mortals love to smother,
 What the tender love to feel :
 Down the manly cheek of sorrow,
 Let the generous lustres fall ;
 His may be thy case to-morrow,
 Pain and want on thee may call.

" Hear a poor man's case distressing,
 " Worthy sirs assistance grant ;
 " Misery is keen and pressing,
 " Generous men relieve my want :
 " I've a wife and infant too ill,
 " In yon weather-beaten cot,
 " Destitute of food and fuel,
 " Pity my unhappy lot !

" 'Tis for them my heart is bleeding,
 " Spare my tears or it will break ;
 " Listen to a beggar pleading,
 " Help, for the Redeemer's sake !
 " Now forestal my sad petition,
 " Heaven shall its mercy shew,
 " Should we ever change condition
 " I will freely succour you.



THE INFIDEL.

A FRAGMENT.

Suggested by reading Cheetham's Life of Thomas Paine.
New York Edition.

“ And is there who the blessed cross wipes off,
“ As a foul blot, from his dishonoured brow ?
“ If angels tremble, 'tis at such a sight :
“ The wretch they quit, desponding of their charge,
“ More struck with grief or wonder, who can tell ?—Y oung.

IT is an adage I have somewhere read,
We should not vilify the quiet dead * ;
But were the maxim in its bearings just,
All history were levell'd with the dust.
We may, when out of malice nought we write,
Place every man in his own proper light :
Hence, with no want of candour, I arraign
That foe to truth and *purest reason*, Paine.
Who vilified fair inspiration's page,
With demon cunning and with bigot rage ;
And from the scorner's chair, the deist's den,
Derided things divine and holy men :
Bit like a snake i'th' grass, with venom'd tooth,
The sacred heel of calm majestic Truth ;
Or fix'd his battery of wit and pun
At what the seers of old and saints had done,
And vainly hop'd to batter down the walls
Of adamantine truth with paper balls.
Believe him, all the sacerdotal clan
And prophets were imposters to a man.
At every page divine his rancour teems,
This hour he reasons, and the next blasphemes.
Each trait divine is smear'd and gypsified,
That fools may laugh, and infidels deride,
All miracles are season for his sallad,
And Korah's fate is sung in doggrel ballad. †
Perhaps his stock of logic nearly spent,
A verse was cheaper than an argument ;
Or Korah's doom—a kindred soul, I ween—
Awoke his brother Paine's satiric spleen.
-Who, tho' he never read a page before,
To find a flaw will read the Bible o'er ;
But marks each text with a censorious eye,
That gives his practice or his pride the lie.

* *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*

See the wretched impious verses upon this subject in his life, p. 277.

Sworn foe to truth before he took his pen,*
 And what he ne'er had read prejudged then.
 Excellent critic! was it candour, pray,
 To judge a man, nor hear what he could say?
 Did reason teach thee, or malicious pride,
 To bring a verdict ere the case was tried?
 Sure this is worthy of thy *Age of Reason*,
 Where crime is canonized, and truth is treason.

But who is this new light that now appears,
 To dim the lustre of four thousand years?
 Who plucks their only curb from vice and lust,
 And lays the pride of ages in the dust.
 Who takes the lamp fair Wisdom has bestow'd,
 To light her sky-bound pilgrim on his road;
 And bids him thro' Time's labyrinth to grope,
 No truth to credit and no bliss to hope.
 But who, inquires the eager muse, and whence
 Is this sole patentee of light and sense?
 Who can to virtue nobler hopes impart,
 Than those that charm and cheer the good man's heart?
 This moral Newton, who with eagle eye
 Explores new systems in religion's sky;
 Their fitness by experiments can trace,
 And build the whole on truth's immortal base?
 Alas, no Newton, tractable and mild!
 Wisdom's first-born, and Candour's darling child,
 A lowly christian 'midst the loftiest flights,
 He meekly lives who like a seraph writes.
 Behold the picture—is it like or not?
 Immoral Paine, the democratic sot;
 A vile debased proselyte of sense,
 Havoc his aim, yet reason his pretence.
 Give him his brandy bottle, ink and quill,
 With these he'll vilify, with that he'll swill;
 And turn to pun, profanity, or wit,
 Some dislocated part of holy writ.
 But what a dupe were any to believe,
 And pin his faith on such a wretch's sleeve;
 Who with a zeal, nefarious and foul
 As ever rankled in a human soul,
 Would on the vitals of religion feed,
 And tear each consolation from the creed;
 Leave sinking piety without a staff,
 Then at the desolated altar laugh;
 Yea, glory in a whole creation's loss,
 Dispoil'd of revelation, creed, and cross.

* The first part of his *Age of Reason* he published in 1793, and in October, 1796, he published the second part. He had now furnished himself with a Bible and Testament; and "I can say," he adds, "I found them to be much worse books than I conceived."—Reader, mark this, he wrote against the Bible before he had read it! Life, p. 209.

But shall his scoffs go down, and life be mute ;
 Read there the vile seducer and the brute.
 I thank thee, Cheetham, for this antidote
 To all the vile scurrility he wrote.
 Deists, behold your prince for ever drunk !
 The very atmosphere about him ———.
 See him amidst his room—a den of dirt :
 Tho' rich—yet filthy to his very shirt.
 The Age of Reason in some dusty nook ;
 And near it Hume, Voltaire, and Bolingbroke :
 His text-books these, his comment that of course
 In which impiety has spent its force.
 Annihilation his beloved creed,
 The sceptic's refuge if his hopes succeed.
 For he maintains, both mind and matter must
 Expire in fume,* and sink alike to dust.
Post mortem nihil shines upon his crest,
 'Tis priestcraft and uncertainty the rest.
 Such is the author Cheetham has portrayed,
 Impartially in all his lights and shade ;
 A paragon of right, yet always wrong ;
 A sophister, with truth upon his tongue ;
 Apostle-general of the deist tribe,
 And infidelity's devoted scribe ;
 The sceptic's leader, prophet, regent, priest,
 An advocate for reason—yet a beast.
 A man without a single moral trait,
 To make him truly wise or truly great.
 As gross a disputant as ever could
 Contrive a lie, or fling about his mud.
 Reason let loose from every just restraint,
 That curbs the sinner and directs the saint ;
 Combin'd with pride impell'd him to the field,
 And bade him seize the christian warrior's shield ;
 He struck the buckler with a fiery brand,
 That shivering into atoms cut his hand.

But did our sceptic when his end drew nigh, †
 Repent that he had told the world a lie ?
 Around his heart did waves of sorrow roll,
 And tell the contrite anguish of his soul.
 Alas, I see no penitence, no tears ;
 The gloom is dark, and not a ray appears :
 Assiduous friendship many methods tried
 To wake repentance, and to soften pride ;
 But who can shiver ashlar with a rush,
 Or on a dead man's cheek excite a blush ?

† See his Life, p. 514, by which it appears. he was guilty of the worst species of seduction.

* See his Life, pp. 187 and 179.

‡ See the account of his death, p. 299, "he died as he had lived, an enemy to the christian religion."

Not the dire torments of hell's black abyss,
Nor purest raptures of seraphic bliss ;
Nor glories holy Paul in vision saw ;
Nor vulture pangs that Dives' bosom gnaw ;
Nor precious promise, nor afflicting rod,
Nor tears of men, nor terrors of a God,
Can melt a bold blaspheming infidel,
Or make a Julian-hearted sceptic feel.
Sooner an aged stubborn oak may bend,
Or quivering flame curve downward and descend ;
Sooner might polish'd marble take the seal,
Or supple quills engrave elastic steel,
Then he relent, whose tongue with insult teems
'Gainst holy writ, and whose false heart blasphemes
Th' incarnate Deity—our pledge of good,
And the pure laver of atoning blood.
Ah ! what is man, when mercy gives him up,
To drink the poison found in error's cup ;
How rapid his descent to every ill
That blinds the judgment and depraves the will ;
Till he can gulp the fatal lie at last,
That binds ! each poisonous delusion fast :
And then the wretch—but what can parallel
Such vile impiety on this side hell ?
Range the wide world, explore the ocean round,
Skim the blue sky, or pierce the solid ground ;
Look every page of nature's volume thro',
All things examine, and all subjects view,
Then say, and prove the assertion if you can,
Does aught in nature equal such a man ?
All things submit to some superior force,
Rocks wear away, and rivers change their course ;
The firmest marble, and the brightest ore,
Gold of Peru, or gems of Visapour,
Are meekly passive as inferior clay,
Gold will dissolve, and diamond melt away.
Marble obeys the chisel and the saw,
And rocks of ice the solar warmth can thaw ;
The flaming forge o'ercomes well-temper'd steel,
And iron bars the thundering hammer feel.
But his rebellious heart no force can bend,
No furnace soften, no concussion rend ;
Who has the conquest o'er his conscience won,
To trample on God's testaments and Son :
Who has, alas ! survived every trace
Of holy awe, and sweet restraining grace.
If once the spirit leave the breast, O then
The holy place becomes the dragon's den !
The fear of torment or the hope of joy,
Whatever moves the soul to run or fly ;

No more impression makes, no more, alas!
Than oil on surfaces of burnish'd brass.
Presumptuous, callous, yet without a fear,
Hell in the front and vengeance in the rear,
He rolls along till justice with a frown,
Draws the red sword and cuts the rebel down,



Lately published by the same Author, *The Narrative of a Mission to NOVA SCOTIA, NEW BRUNSWICK, and the SOMERS ISLANDS*, with *A Tour to LAKE ONTARIO*; to which is added, *THE MISSION*, an original Poem, with copious Notes; including a brief account of Missionary Societies, and much interesting information on Missions in general.

Shortly will be published in a small Volume,
PIETY, OR DELINEATIONS OF CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.
A Poem, in six parts.

Jan. 1818.



